

T H E
Juvenile Adventures
O F
David Ranger, Esq;

Ch.
[Signature]

F R O M

An original MANUSCRIPT found in the
COLLECTIONS of a late Noble Lord.

All the World's a Stage! SHAKESPEAR.

*Hence for the choicest Spirits flow Champaign,
Whose sparkling Atoms shoot thro' ev'ry Vein;
Hence, flow, for martial Minds, Potations strong,
And sweet Love Potions for the Fair and Young.
For you, my Hearts of Oak, for your Regale,
Here's good Old English Stingo mild and stale.*

GARRICK.

V O L. II.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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THE

T H E

Juvenile Adventures

O F

David Ranger, Esq;

C H A P. I.

Davy is reliev'd from his suspense, as to his adventure.—Writes to his uncle and the manager.—Sets sail for England.—Arrives at Liverpoole.—Debarks.—Sets out with his lady for London.

A MAN cannot be imagin'd in more amaze, or under greater disquietude, than our hero was, at this sudden change of situation; nor, tho' he had dealt so much in romance and adventures, could he find, upon recollection, a parallel to this of his own; he was an hour before at his liberty, returning from his

Vol. II. B night-

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nightly labour, to enjoy his repose uninterrupted, as usual; and, now, was confin'd he knew not how, nor by whom, on another element; tho' full well he weaned, that by the look of the place, some gentle power had ravish'd him from shore, and one seemingly very capable of retaining him, in its power, maugre all the opposition he should make. He scan'd over all his late intrigues in *Dublin*; for it is not to be deny'd that he had had some, since he enter'd upon the stage there; but could think of no female capable of serving him such a trick, and, after all his researches, was oblig'd to sit down, wrapp'd up, however, in contemplation, convinc'd of the reality of his being in durance, that he was broad awake, and that it was not occasion'd by the idle and delusive images painted upon the mind in sleep. In about a quarter of an hour, from his being thus left alone, the cabin door was unlock'd, and a smart youth brought before him an elegant supper, and plac'd wine and other refreshments upon the side-board by him. He essay'd to ask him some questions; but the mute attendant pointing to his lips, with a low bow, gave him to understand that his business was silence; and suddenly soft music breath'd in melting strains, without,

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and

of DAVID RANGER. 3

and when the instruments ceas'd, a melodious voice, sung the following stanzas.

Swain, no more let fear oppress thee,
Thou art, here, secure from harms ;
Beauty studies to carefs thee,
And to melt thee in her arms :

Tho' so cold, so free from passion,
See she holdeth *Cupid's* dart ;
Give the nymph thy soft compassion,
Give the nymph thy yielding heart.

Then, again, music, in tender symphonies,
breath'd *Above, about, or underneath ;*

*Sent by some spirits, to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the flood ;*

for these lines immediately occur'd to him from one of his favourite authors. But the mystery of all this, was now to be soon unravelled.

ON a sudden the doors flew open, and presented a female form, dress'd in all the tempting attire that could adorn it, preceded by two footmen bearing wax tapers before her, and when she had advanc'd near enough to be distinguish'd, the amaz'd *Ranger* discover'd, at once, the features of the amorous *Leonora*, who never before had entered his thoughts upon this occasion. In short, his surprize was

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so great, that he was chain'd to the place he sat in, and, tho' his lips were unclos'd, was incapable of joining them again, to utter any articulate sounds. The attendants withdrew, and the fair enchantress sitting down beside him, laid her lovely hand on his, and in the softest accents thus address'd him. Ah! my *Ranger*, to what lengths will not love carry a woman, that feels his tyrannic sway with the cruel force I sustain it! What arts have I try'd, what pains have I taken, secretly and unknown to you, to gain this happy moment of your company! But come, recover yourself from your astonishment—look upon your *Leonora* with kinder eyes, and have compassion on her.—Let us eat what I have provided, and then I will explain all the reasons for my conduct, which, no doubt, must appear very strange to you. *Davy*, rose at these words, and, so well he was now recover'd, clasping his arms about her, and straining her in an arduous embrace, cry'd out, Why my charmer, sure you deal with invisible agents, to be able thus to conduct this affair, and to steal me from myself? And what necessity; for had I known my lovely *Leonora* had been in *Ireland*, I would have flown upon the wings of love to her arms. Had I thought, that,

I

of DAVID RANGER. 5

that, return'd the lady, I had been more happy than my doubts and fears have permitted me to be for a long time; but this kindness shall wipe away all anxiety and distrust, and I shall be bless'd. After a good deal of this tender parling, they sat too, and eat heartily of their supper; being attended by the two servants in livery, and were very merry and alert with each other; for *Davy* now perceiv'd the whole mystery was wrought by love, and, as the object was well remembered to be charming, he even burned with desire and expectation of a closer connexion with her; for this he suppos'd would be the agreeable injunction laid upon him. After supper was taken away, and the cabin was clear'd, she thus address'd him: My dear *Ranger*! you have reason to be surpriz'd at my using this force, you have been subject to, to get you into my possession; but when I tell you all my motives, you will say I acted prudently and properly. When you had left me some weeks, at my brother's, I perceiv'd I carry'd about me the consequence of our fondness, and, at the same time, was robb'd of all hope of ever making myself your's in an honourable way, by the mention my lord made of your attachment to miss *McCarthy*, who

B 3

then,

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then, I first understood, was not your sister which drove me almost to despair. I was resolv'd not to expose myself by staying longer with my sister, as my condition would soon be too visible to every eye; and therefore, form'd a resolution of leaving them, which I did, under pretence of going to *London*; but when I came to *Tenby*, I, with only one maid servant I could confide in, embark'd for *Ireland*, having given my brother's domesticks, who attended me, the slip, and arriv'd safely at *Dublin*, after a very inclement stormy passage. Believe me, Mr. *Ranger*, the design I came upon, was to revenge myself of your baseness, by running a poignard to your heart; for I look'd upon your deceiving me, and imposing upon me with the story of your near relation to miss *M'Carthy*, as a mortal affront, and painted to my disturb'd imagination, my too happy rival, exultingly smiling at my injuries, and revelling in those arms to which my weakness I thought had given me a better title. But after all the secret enquiries I made, I could learn neither tale nor tidings of you, and heard, to my surprize, that miss *M'Carthy*, had been married to another at *Kilkenny*. I receiv'd these advices from her aunt's family, whom I had found out, and

of DAVID RANGER. 7

and with the servants of which my maid and faithful companion had made an acquaintance; and having taken up my abode, under the character of a sea officer's wife, with a good widow in *Thomas-Street*, I was there deliver'd of the fruits of my indiscretion, a fine boy, and exactly your image, which however had been bred with so much anxiety, that, notwithstanding all the advice I could procure, I lost him in about a month after his birth, and bury'd him in *St. Patrick's* church. My intelligence of you, was so obscure, that I now resolv'd to prosecute my search no longer, but return'd again to my brother's at *Pembroke*, making such excuses for my disappearance and absence, for fifteen months, as again restor'd me to the good graces of my sister, and the more easily, as I, in fact, ow'd an account of my conduct to nobody. Here I pin'd away two years more, daily sighing after you, the man who still kept the sole possession of my heart, and was hurry'd to the very brink of despair, when, a letter arriv'd from my friend, the widow, at *Dublin*; with whom I kept up a correspondence, she inclosing her letters directed to me, in my real character, under cover. She is a woman of good sense, and writes most entertainingly; and, in giving me the news of *Dublin*, men-

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tion'd the name of Mr. *David Ranger*, as an actor that had pleas'd and delighted the town by his masterly performances. This welcome intelligence made me alive again, as, from the description of your person and age, I guess'd, truly, that you was my identical, long lost swain. You have been in love yourself, my dear *Ranger*, and can easily conceive the schemes these advices form'd in my head, of once more trying to melt your obdurate heart in my favour. I look'd upon you as really mine, by all the laws of justice and equity, and if, now, disengaged, was resolv'd, if possible, to secure you for ever. For this purpose, not to be plagu'd with delay or complement, I put up my necessary wearing apparel, some jewels, and a considerable sum of money, and, without taking leave of my brother or sister, hearing there was a vessel at *Pembroke* ready to sail to the *Irish* coast, procur'd a passage in her, and once more arriv'd safely at my friend the widow's at *Dublin*, who was overjoy'd to see me. I made her, now, the confidante of my story, and had the supreme pleasure to see you perform several times, with admiration; gather'd every particular of your family and fortunes, and to my great joy, heard you was not married, nor
deeply

of DAVID RANGER. 9

deeply engag'd in any new amour. But then I knew you had already posess'd my person, and dreaded that indifference and coldness, that, too often, succeeds in your sex, from such indulgence, and was resolv'd to have you absolutely in my power, before I made myself known to you, and, if you prov'd ungrateful to my love, to wreck my revenge upon you, and then to destroy myself; for such is the violence of my passion, that either in life or death I must be yours. For this purpose, we secur'd, by a large reward, the captain of this vessel, now bound for *Liverpoole*, and nephew to my widow, in my interest, to aid me as he has done, with all his men, in bringing you on board, and confining you at my pleasure, and yesterday, for that purpose, I had all my things brought on board, and took leave of *Dublin*. Now, tell me, thou dear, ungrateful man, if all my pains and fatigues, my unalterable affection, do not deserve the tenderest returns? This weapon, and here she pull'd out a dagger, shall unite us in death, if you will not consent to our union in this world, and if my arm is too weak, I can call in help sufficient to execute my purpose. I am, you know too well, soft as any of my sex; but slighted love will arm me with all the fury of an *Italian*. Let

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me but live with you, in your presence, consent to leave *Ireland* with me, in this vessel, and myself, and all I possess, shall be yours. I'll endeavour, by the tenderest offices, to soothe your waking hours, and to soften your slumbers.—Remember 'tis your *Leonora* sues—whose family and fortune are not unworthy of the greatest alliances. Here she ceas'd, and *Davy*, who had been agitated variously during her narration, was for some time silently, revolving what he had heard. At one moment he admired her love, her constancy, her firmness and resolution; at another, he shuddered at the violence of her temper and passion, with a kind of horror. However, he found himself under a force, with an object that he contemplated with some delight, and, as to leaving *Dublin*, for *England*, or *London*, 'twas what he had no aversion to, but rather courted; could he have an opportunity of settling his affairs before his departure. He, therefore, answer'd the resolute fair, in the softest terms, made her fling aside the instrument of death, folded her in his arms, and, *bona fide*, promis'd to continue hers for ever; but when he mentioned going on shore to transact his business before he departed, he found her inflexibly determined against granting him such a dangerous indulgence, as she call'd it,

of DAVID RANGER. II

it, and as she had gone so far, was resolv'd to go thro' with her work; but told him, he could have no affairs on shore, but what he might very well manage by letter, which, before they were over the ship's side, she also conditioned with him to see. In short, *Ranger*, at length, willingly came into her proposals, and the more readily, as the season, for which he had contracted with the manager, was, that very night expired, and he had finally settled with him on the day before, with a promise, however, of again engaging with him. He therefore set down, and wrote a very dutiful letter to his uncle, inclosing one, also, to his father; in which he let them know that he had suddenly determined to go for *England*, to reap some advantages that had there been offered him in his present profession, which requir'd immediate departure, and prevented his taking a formal leave. He gave directions for the payment of every thing he might owe in *Dublin*, desir'd his uncle to see pack'd up all his clothes and baggage, according to directions, and send them on board the vessel; and concluded with his wishes for his health and happiness, and his confidence in, and unlimited licence for, the management of all the money he had vested in his hands.

He

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He wrote also a letter of complement to his friend, the manager, and others to his most intimate acquaintance, all which, when his fair goaler had perused them, she sent by one of her own servants, ordering him to wait for answers. The uncle, in his, express'd some surprize at this precipitate resolution; but committed him to the protection of Providence, hop'd to see him return soon, promis'd to be careful of his trust, and dispatch'd every thing that belong'd to him, as directed. The manager, and all his friends, wish'd him a good voyage, genteelly declin'd any particular enquiries; but express'd their sorrow at losing him, as they said the whole city would do, when they came to know of his departure. And thus, madam *Leonora*, had executed her scheme in its utmost extent; with greater success than she could have wished, in the warmest moments of hope and expectation, to her great delight and satisfaction. She was really in love with *Ranger*, and was actuated by all the violence of that over-bearing passion, which, added to a temper fraught with as much haughtiness and pride, as ever was possess'd by any of her sex, had produc'd this uncommon adventure, which I presume is not to be paralleled in story. That

Ranger

Ranger submitted, without more resistance, to his restraint, was also owing to many considerations; for it was not fear alone that work'd upon him, since, notwithstanding the lady's desperation, he scarce believ'd she would have wounded the man she lov'd, or that the captain and his crew would have run the hazard of their lives to have assisted her revenge. But the truth was, he suddenly became fond of this virago, and long'd to repeat his dalliances with her, and his ambition of shining in *England*, as an actor, reviv'd, nor was he displeas'd at meeting a convenience of going there, without trouble, and in such soft society as must needs make the voyage perfectly agreeable. And thus, both parties, now, pleas'd, the next day the captain, nam'd *Williams*, was made a party in their conversation, and being fully laden, he that afternoon stood to sea, in order to proceed upon his voyage, which he entered upon with auspicious omens of soon happily bringing it to a period.

It is not improperly observ'd, by some great author, or other; but who, I am not able to remember, that, in the attempting extraordinary projects, few of the undertakers have stability sufficient to go through with their work; for, dazzled with the
first

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first successes they reap, they look not forward to the completion of the whole, by which all accidents that might reverse their designs would be prevented. This has prov'd true, in statesmen, generals and churchmen, as well as it was verified in this love affair before us. *Leonora*, quite delighted with what she had so far perform'd, gave a free loose to the joy and exultation of her mind, and forgot that the only point that could secure her happiness, would have been to rivet the matrimonial fetters upon her gallant; for which purpose, one of the tribe of *Levi* might very easily have been procured from *Dublin*; and, in his present situation, *Ranger*, who had not quite such high notions, perhaps, of honour, delicacy, union of souls, and so forth, as formerly actuated him, would, in all likelihood, have made no difficulty of entering into church shackles, with a woman of a considerable share of beauty, good sense and spirit; of a noble family and a fortune of 12 or 14000*l*. I say, in all probability he would have gone thro' stich with *Leonora*, if she had taken him in the first fit, and before reflection had an opportunity to work upon his mind: But the unguarded female, sunk into his arms, quite unable to resist the calls of love, the
eager

of DAVID RANGER. 15

eager wishings of her heart; her bosom panted for enjoyment, and she could not stay for further parley or altercation; for, my gentle reader, *there is a time,*

———*When love no wish denies,
And smiling nature throws off each disguise:
Then, who can words to speak those raptures find,
Vast sea of extacy,—that drowns the mind!
That rush of joy!—that wild tumultuous roul!
That fire, that kindles body into soul!
And, on life's margin, strains delight so high,
That sense breaks short—and while we taste—
we die!*

And therefore, as our voyage was fill'd with no other incidents but those of love, we shall suppose they smoothly slid over the waves, whilst zephyrs wantoned in the sails, and a breeze,

*Soft, gently breathing with its wings, along,
The slacken'd cordage glides,———*

Venus, sitting at the murmuring prow, her drapery loose to the gale; the god of love, perch'd, with his sly insinuating face, upon the tiller, and a thousand little loves and graces, hovering every where around, and fluttering over our two lovers, who, like Mark Antony and Cleopatra, were all dissolv'd

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solv'd in bliss and rapture ; nay, let us
 carry our picture a little further ; soft mu-
 sicks breaths on every side, *Amphitrite*, at-
 tended by the sea-nymphs and tritons, sur-
 round the blissful bark, and the following
 strains are pronounc'd, with celestial me-
 lody.

Love, thou dear beguiler, tell me,
 Is it thus, thou cur'st my smart ?
 Cur'st the ills, that late besel me,
 Easest thus my aching heart ?

Let *Siberia's* waste surround me,
Greenland's frosts and snows assail ;
 Tortures exquisite confound me,
 Black despair and death prevail ;

Yet, if *Leonora*, charming,
 Thus, should bless my ravish'd sight !
 All these horrid ills disarming,
 Chang'd to gladsome day my night ;

I should no more shake and shiver,
 Pain no more could vex my soul ;
 Her bright eyes would cheer for ever,
 Her soft touch, despair controul !

Oh ! can *Fortune's* utmost blessing,
 Greater happiness bestow ?

Leonora thus possessing,
 Happiest state the swain can know !

BUT

of DAVID RANGER. 17

BUT I humbly beg my reader's pardon:—I had really lost myself in the regions of romance, whilst I should have been following the clue of my true story. However, they may, if they please, imagine our ship thus attended, arriv'd in about ten days at *Liverpoole*, whither they were bound; and, that, by the time they came within sight of port, the generous *Leonora* had made a thorough conquest of *Davy's* affections, by the tenderness of her carriage, and the force of her charms. They had no manner of acquaintance at *Liverpoole*, and therefore were oblig'd to take lodgings at a gentlewoman's, to whom the captain recommended them, where, for three or four days that their curiosity detain'd them in the town, they were very handsomely accommodated, and, before they set out for *London*, to which city they both agreed to bend their course, they gratefully bestow'd rewards upon the captain, over and above the fifty pieces he had receiv'd of the lady for his assistance, and paying nobly for their passage, dol'd considerable favours upon the crew: All which *Leonora* generously paid herself, telling *Ranger* it was only the first offering of her love, out of a fortune that should be intirely devoted to his interest and pleasure. And thus attended

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tended by her two servants, on horseback, they began their journey, in a hir'd coach and six, for the metropolis, nor spar'd for any expence upon the road, enjoying each other's society with the most enlivening transport, stopping to view every thing curious, as they journey'd on, and taking up their quarters at the best inns they could find; for, madam *Leonora*, tho' universally acquainted with all the nobility and gentry of the adjacent country, declin'd making herself known, happy in her *Davy*, and easy in her mind.

AMONGST other discourse, during the second day's journey, lord *Bertram* was mentioned, by *Ranger*, with great respect and deference, and he told his fair one, he fancied there was somewhat very interesting in the story of that nobleman and her sister, which, he remembred, the last time he call'd at his seat near *Pembroke*, he had given him some reason to expect the relation of. *Leonora*, reply'd, That their adventures were really worth rehearsing, and willing to make the way agreeable to her lover, began the recital of them, in her usual charming manner, without further entreaty.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

*The story of lord Bertram, and the beauteous
Clarissa; or the triumph of Love over
Avarice.*

LORD *Bertram* is the only son of the earl of —, whose very name is sufficient to characterise him, to a gentleman who has heard, or read, of the transactions of these last twenty years. He was bred up with all the care that his high birth and rank entitled him to, and, after going thro' an university education, went to take the grand tour of *Europe*, and to learn his exercises; and, after two years absence from his native country, return'd a complete and finish'd gentleman, and soon obtain'd a seat in the house of commons, where he display'd those talents for business, and that love for his country, for which he has ever since been truly conspicuous. His father, before he return'd from his travels, had, like a careful and thrifty parent, looked out for a future wife for him, and had agreed with the duke of —, for a marriage with his second daughter, who was entitled to an immense fortune; but was then not fourteen years of age, and so far from being agreeable either in temper or person,
that

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that she was deform'd in both, in a very great degree. As he had very much of the tyrant about him, he signified his desire, that he should address her, in the language of a command; but the first interview determined the generous *Bertram*, to see her no more; for tho' he well knew and practis'd the utmost duty to his father, he could not imagine that nature had given him the power to make him unhappy, or to fetter his mind with a perpetual galling chain. He had higher notions of nuptial felicity, than what arise from the influence of money, and was determined to choose for himself the soft companion of his future days. However, he would have found it very difficult to deal with a man of his father's temper, during whose life he was in absolute dependance upon him, if, soon after his arrival, he had not fortunately had an estate of eight hundred pounds a year left him by an uncle, which in some measure rendered him his own master. He did not express his aversion to the match openly; but, to avoid a further intercourse with the lady, feign'd himself ill, and procur'd the advice of his physician to repair to *Scarborough*, for the re-establishment of his health. The earl, notwithstanding, would have insisted upon his marrying before his departure;

of DAVID RANGER. 21

departure ; but, after a great deal of altercation, *Bertram* carry'd his point, so far as to delay it 'till his return, hoping some favourable incident would occur, in the mean time, that would set him free from his cruel embarrassment. Accordingly he set out, attended only by one faithful servant, the same that is now his steward, for he had ever an aversion to idle shew and parade. My father, lord ———, had an acquaintance with lord *Bertram*, and esteemed his virtues. That young nobleman had so powerfully espous'd his cause in the house, in a contested matter between him and lord ———, that he ever after shew'd him the utmost respect upon all occasions. He had two daughters, myself and my sister, but, by the mismanagement of his predecessor, had little money to bestow upon us in portions, without injuring his estate ; for which reason we had been brought up in a very retired manner, as he was willing, if he could not make us rich, to lay the foundation of our being happy, with some honest gentlemen of an inferior rank to his own, and therefore studiously avoided to display to us the gaudy gaieties of the court and town. We were educated by an excellent mother, under their eyes, and had masters for every attainment

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tainment that was thought requisite for our future stations in life. My sister was, at this time, a perfect rural beauty, and endow'd with every good quality that adorns a female breast. I was, somewhat younger; but, in our improvement, our honoured parents placed their chief felicity. Our seat lying in the way to *Scarborough*, and about thirty miles from *London*, it came into *Bertram's* head to call upon my father, in his way, who, being overjoy'd to see him, treated him as a youth he highly valued, and insisted upon his taking up his abode with him, for a day or two, with an earnestness that was not to be gainsaid.

At the time of his arrival, my sister was in a summer-house, at the bottom of the garden, playing upon her spinnet, and I was sitting with my mother beside her; but the soft strains were conveyed to the ears of *Bertram*, who was with our father sitting in a room that overlook'd the walk, and that led to our retreat. After listening some time, he said, My lord, is that her ladyship who delights your groves with such heavenly harmony, or one of your daughters, whom I never had the happiness to see? I am quite enchanted with the sound! My father, smiling, return'd, I believe, my lord, it is one of my wood nymphs,

of DAVID RANGER. 23

nymphs, (a term he frequently us'd when talking of us,) who has an extraordinary finger, and a better heart than if she had been bred at court. Come, my lord, we'll go and see them; they would, I'm sure, had they known of the honour you do me, have paid their complements to you: But, my lord, you'll see none of the beauties that make you sigh at St. James's. My father was far from any design in what he said, he had heard of the engagement *Bertram* was under to the duke of ——'s daughter, and beside was incapable of any mean, interested conceptions, in his daughter's favour.

My father led him a circuit round, as he said, to surprize us, and they stood sometime listening at the back of our closet, whilst my sister, unconscious of other witnesses than me and my mother, not only play'd some of her most touching airs, but sung to her notes with a voice that breathed nothing but melody. I have heard lord *Bertram* since declare, that he lost his heart before he beheld her, and was captivated by her voice. At length they came round, and enter'd the summer-house. You may have observ'd that my brother has a most open amiable countenance, and is one of the best made men one shall see.

His

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His riding-dress was plain, but becoming, and the dignity of his mein, betokened his high rank. My mother and sister rising, at their entrance, he saluted us with a deal of seeming diffidence, whilst my father inform'd us, at the same time, of the name and quality of our visiter. Mutual complements having pass'd, my sister, whom, I perceiv'd he ey'd with extraordinary earnestness, made a motion to me, and we both got up to withdraw; when *Bertram* addressing us, said: Ah, my dear ladies, this is too much, to break in upon your delightful retreat, and then to be the cause of your quitting it, is what I can't bear. No, ladies, 'tis fit I retire—and take from you an object that seems so very disagreeable. *Clarissa* return'd, with great presence of mind, 'tis not, Sir, from the least disrespect that we leave you; but I have some orders to give within, for your better accommodation—your being my father's friend, Sir, is too sure a recommendation to our good opinion, for us, to indulge the most distant dislike for you; and, so saying, we withdrew and went into the house, where my sister gave some directions, for she was my lady's substitute, relating to dinner, and other matters, and mean time the

of DAVID RANGER. 25

the following dialogue, as near as I can remember, from my mother's relation, ensued.

BERTRAM.—— after a long pause—
My dear lord, I believe you are the happiest nobleman in *England*—what charming daughters!—But the eldest!—What a treasure! What an air!—a voice!—Oh! my lord, how cruel you are to deny the world the pleasure of admiring them.

LORD.——. Why lord *Bertram*, I will not be so foolishly modest, as to say, that I have not the highest opinion of my children! The girls are all that I could wish them, and my maxims teach me, to deny them the idle and vain admiration of the multitude of fops and cox-combs; for your lordship well knows the *Beau monde* is compos'd of little else, in order to prepare them for preserving the constant love and admiration of the worthy husbands, I hope fortune will throw in their way.

BERTRAM. Noble, generous sentiments, indeed! How happy the youth, allied to so much prudence and virtue! Were all parents of your mind, we might expect the future generation would be a happy race, the offspring of love and wisdom. But give me leave, my lady, to ask you one seri-

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ous question. Is miss *Clarissa* promis'd or engag'd to any one?

LADY——. No, my lord, 'tis time enough for us to think of those matters; she is——

* *BERTRAM*. More than fifteen I presume, my lady, and give me leave to imagine, after that age, a woman is marriageable; and she is better brought into such habits and maxims, her husband chuses, than if older; for I think it is necessary an husband should finish, if I may say so, his wife's virtues!—Oh! the delightful task! To mingle pleasure with instruction.

LORD——. Why, my lord, you speak my sentiments—that lady was about seventeen when I wedded her—and I believe it laid the foundation of more love than if she had been above twenty. The reflection upon the virgin sweetness of that early beauty, we ador'd, prepares us to jog on thro' more advanc'd life, with added comfort, when we can say to ourselves—not one bloom upon that beautiful flower, but was mine! However, I am in no hurry to part with my wood nymphs, and if I can't ensure riches to them in marriage—I am resolv'd, as far as depends upon me, to make them thoroughly happy.

I must have full experience of the good sense, good nature and discretion of the man who is propos'd, or proposes himself to me, before I give my consent to the union; and, I hope, their education has given them sufficient discernment to aid my purposes. And I'm sure my wife is of my sentiments.

LADY——. Entirely, my lord: I must own after the care and pains we have bestow'd on them, the anxiety and sollicitude they always engage in us for their welfare—to have them miserable in wedlock would cut me to the heart—Indeed their tempers are of such a cast that it must be a very brute that could injure so much gentleness and softness!

BERTRAM. My lord! Madam! —(in an unassur'd manner)—I fear—I feel within myself—that I should abuse your friendship, if I should stay under your roof any longer, without acquainting you with the motions of my mind—I was ever above disguise—never, indeed, I hope, persued any thing dishonourable—so never requir'd it.—At first sight of the charming *Clarissa*, I felt those emotions in my breast to which I have ever before been a stranger—I shall not be able to resist telling her so—if my courage will permit me!—Lovely, charming maid!—How happy would my life be

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—spent in the society of so much excellence! *To hang o'er her with cordial looks enamour'd.* My sentiments of the nuptial state are high and delicate.—'Tis not amongst the people of fashion—at court—that I can look for felicity—'tis in the haunts of wisdom—'tis here—where the prudence, the virtues of the parents are display'd in their lovely offspring!—Oh! my dear friends, I fear I have said too much—but if unshaken truth—if honour, if an untainted soul—that disdains the vices of the age—that was never corrupted with venal thought or sordid idea, can recommend me to your favour—I shall be happy! On my knees, I beg you—here he flung himself in that posture before 'em—to permit me to essay to win the heart, and mind of your lovely daughter.

LADY——. (trembling, and looking earnestly at my father) pray, my lord, rise—what can we say to you?—I have heard you are already engag'd—your fortune and splendid expectations, all combine to render such a consent impossible.

BERTRAM. Engag'd, my lady!—can the sordid views of my father—can his having plan'd a detested match for me, be call'd my engagement.—'Tis from that I am flying—happy in calling at this seat,
that

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that my heart has discover'd a treasure which, with your licence, will render so odious a project abortive.—I honour my father—but is my duty to him—to curse me with perpetual wretchedness? No.—*Let him be provident—Let me be happy!*

LORD———. (recovering from a deep study)—My lord, I have a great affection for your person—an honour for your virtues—I have indeed heard of your destination to lady———; but I have also heard of your aversion to the match. My bosom glows at the thought of your alliance—my poor girl would be perfectly happy—I am sensible; but examine your breast thoroughly—is not this a sudden start of passion, at the sight of a new object—will my *Clarissa*, without a shining fortune,—with only her native charms and graces, and her amiable acquirements, be able for ever to reign mistress of your affections? If you think she will—you shall not want my consent, provided her's is gain'd. You see I answer you with the same generous freedom you have used.—You are welcome to stay here your own time—try to melt her in your favour.—I cannot suspect any thing dishonourable from a young nobleman of your way of thinking.

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AT this conclusion, which also spoke my mother's sentiments, *Bertram*, once more flung himself on his knees before them, kiss'd and press'd my mother's hand, embrac'd my father, and said, all that the warmest gratitude could dictate, and they return'd to us, with a satisfaction in all their looks, that surpriz'd me and my sister, and we spent the remainder of the day in a manner to be envy'd. Artless, as I then was, I thought there was somewhat very particular in the glances *Bertram*, every now and then, stole at *Clarissa*; who, by the way, had been very profuse, to me, when we were alone, in her encomiums on the young nobleman's person and address. This, I remember, I thought, somewhat extraordinary; for *Clarissa* was very reserv'd, seldom declar'd her sentiments of any body without reluctance, and was as cold as a vestal. The next day, my mother gave me a hint to leave them together as much as possible, and it was visible that the flames were more and more kindled in *Bertram's* breast, who could scarce ever keep his eyes from being fondly fix'd on her face, with such an air of sadness, as betokened the small progress he had made in her heart. But all this was only a copy of her countenance; reserve, as I observ'd,

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was natural to her; but to me, in private, she could not help speaking in such terms of *Bertram*, as made me smilingly tell her, that he had found the way to thaw the ice of her constitution; for which she gave me a gentle tap in the face, and call'd me a saucy malapert baggage. However, an accident soon brought her to betray her affection. My father, who studied every way to make the abode of his guest agreeable, form'd frequent parties of pleasure, hunted, coursed, and allur'd the scaly fry to our nets: Every day was a day of festivity, and the young lord had so gain'd his and my lady's affections, that they already tendered him as a son. One day, when we were taking an airing over the downs, in our neighbourhood, and *Bertram*, to shew his address before his mistress was curveting by the side of our chariot, on a young horse, which he had undertaken to break for my father, the bells of some pack-horses, at a distance, with their jingling frightened his steed, and, notwithstanding his expertness as a rider, after flinging himself about in a furious manner, foaming and curvelting, to our great affright he rear'd an end, and, falling backward, fell upon him, and there lay plunging in a dreadful manner for some

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moments, whilst my mother, sister and I, rended the air with our cries, and my father and the servants, ran to his assistance without any hopes of finding him alive. As providence would have it he was not dead, tho' he could not speak; but opened his eyes in a languishing way, as seeming to implore help and succour. We got out of the chariot, into which he was put, and my father supported him in his arms, the tears running down his cheeks, and, as we were not above a mile from home, we walked by the side of it all the way; tho' *Clarissa* and all of us could not refrain from weeping as we went. As soon as we came home he was put to bed, and a surgeon being sent for, that us'd to attend our family, after dressing his patient, he came into the room where we were sitting, and, *Clarissa*, with a remarkable eagerness, asking what he thought of his hurts; the poor man, who suspected nothing more than common in her enquiry, told her, they were so very dangerous that he fear'd he would not survive them. Upon hearing this sentence, the poor *Clarissa*, tho' my father and mother were present, cry'd out, Gracious heaven! and fell from her seat in a swoon. We all flew to her assistance, trembling, and she was a long time before she came to herself, and,

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and, then was in such a pitious condition, that the surgeon ordered her to be put to bed, and prescrib'd her some composing draughts for her recovery. Some hours after two eminent physicians and surgeons, whom my father had sent for, by express, alighted, and went to visit lord *Bertram*, who had yet given small signs of recovered sense; and by this time my sister also was in an high fever, occasioned by the perturbations of her mind; so that, in this little space, our family, from a state of joy and felicity, were torn by grief and apprehension. My father and mother were, alternately, bath'd in tears at their bed-side, and, young as I was, I never felt more sorrow in my life, but, my dear *Ranger*, since I first knew you. The result of the consultation of these sages was, that if they could ward off a fever, his life might be sav'd; but they were more doubtful about my sister, as they said her spirits were seiz'd by the disorder. 'Twas a week, before their prognostication in regard to *Bertram* was fulfill'd, when the remedies apply'd, internally and externally, had had such an effect, that he was perfectly restor'd to his senses and voice, and with his first returning accents ask'd for his dear *Clarissa*. *Clarissa* was indeed in the most extreme danger; but we dared not

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tell him so, for fear of the fatal consequences that might follow his emotions upon such an occasion. My father, who was by, only said, your *Clarissa*, my dear child, is ill, but not dangerously, this misfortune has greatly affected her; but endeavour to recover, keep your mind easy, and your appearance in her chamber will soon restore her to herself: For, now, it was apparent, that she had a violent affection for him, as in the deliriums she had, she rav'd incessantly upon his name, with an accent of tenderness, that mov'd every one about her. Poor *Bertram*, notwithstanding what my father had said, fainted upon these tidings; but, when he came to himself, that nobleman reasoned with him so forceably, that he became calm, and using all his efforts, in three days more was able to leave his bed, and insisted, with an earnestness not to be deny'd, to see his angel, his dear suffering *Clarissa*. *Clarissa* had had a favourable crisis, and was sensibly altered for the better, and my lord and lady led him, between them, to her bedside, where I was sitting; he, all the way, expressing his love and gratitude to those dear persons, and blessing them every step he took. As soon as he came to her bedside, and beheld that well remembered face

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all wan and pale, and those enlivening eyes sunk in their sockets, he just pronounc'd her name with a deep sigh, and fell senseless by her side. This was what was apprehended, and put us into an inconceivable consternation. The lovely *Clarissa*, at this alarming occurrence, rais'd herself up with all her force, and immediately fainted, her face falling directly upon his bosom. My father and mother exclaim'd—Oh! my dear children! and were scarce able to support themselves, whilst I redoubled my tears, and made the chamber echo with my cries. All means were us'd to bring them to themselves, and *Bertram* was the first that reviv'd, and clasping his beauty in his arms, uttered such melting complaints, that he soon brought her to her senses; a crimson blush overspreading her cheeks, when she reflected upon the attitude she was in. *Bertram*, who was now incapable of any disguise, rav'd with such passionate exclamations, of love and affection, as would have mov'd hearts of stone, and cry'd, ah! my *Clarissa*! my dear, dear wife! strive to live, that I may repay thee for all thy goodness, all these instances of thy affection! Happy *Bertram*! happy accident! that tells me my *Clarissa* loves! Once more he clasp'd her round the neck,
and

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and embrac'd her with more strength than he could be imagin'd master of; nor could all our intreaties move him from her chamber, till she tenderly laid her absolute commands upon him to retire. In short, this mournful scene had such salutary effects; upon them, *Bertram* now convinc'd he was belov'd, that they both recovered surprizingly; and in three days more *Clarissa* left her bed, and they were able to sit and converse together, which restor'd my parents and our whole family to a state of the most complete felicity. And now, without reserve, *Clarissa* confess'd the impression *Bertram* had made in her heart, and that young nobleman, grew, every day, more and more enamoured of her, and at length, (for he could do any thing with my father,) procur'd his consent to their union. My father was very sensible of the respect that ought to be paid to a parent; but as he knew the earl of ——— to be a bad man, in every respect, and particularly to have a great antipathy against him; tho' for no other cause than that he was not venal, nor would aid the purposes of corruption, he was sensible to have stood upon that punctilio would have rendered the young couple, in some respects, unhappy, for a time. Again, our family was as ancient and noble

ble as his own, and to convince him that he had no design in allowing of this union, he at once gave a proof of his great generosity, and of his love to *Bertram* and my sister, by settling the reversion of an estate of 2000*l. per Annum*, which was not entail'd, upon them, after his death, and this he did with the consent of my uncle Sir *James*——, who, on failure of issue male, had a claim upon the title and family estate. This good uncle was not content with displaying thus his love to our family; he visited us, and made a present to *Clarissa* of a thousand pounds, to buy jewels with, and promis'd a thousand more upon the birth of every child, so much he was pleas'd with the alliance. The ceremony was performed by my father's domestick chaplain, in our own chapel, tho' very privately, none but my uncle and the family being present, and, for many days we rejoiced over the felicitous union. *Bertram* and *Clarissa*, seem'd form'd for each other, their souls were paired, and their tempers and dispositions were quite similar, so that mutual happiness, thro' their lives, could not fail to be the result of such a match. But they were not to feel all the joys of this alliance, with each others virtues, without alloy. The wily earl, not having heard from

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from his son since his departure, had privately sent to *Scarborough*, and not finding him there, made such strict inquisition, that at length he received intelligence of his being at ——— *Hall*, and did not doubt, as he knew my sister was marriageable, that some soft attachment had engag'd him thus to conceal himself. Still he took no notice of him; but privately sent an agent to my father, with a great many fawning complements, and an offer of a golden key, if he would repair with his family to town, telling him, that he always regretted the retreat of so able a nobleman from publick business, and, at the same time hinted, that he had a very advantageous match to propose to him for his eldest daughter. The bearer of this message, was the famous Sir *William* ———, his creature, who was master of all the cunning necessary to gain an insight into every thing he wanted to know; but he had no occasion to make use of art. *Bertram* and my father were together, and playing at back-gammon when he enter'd the apartment, and, conceiving his business, were resolv'd to use no disguise. He seem'd surpriz'd and overjoy'd at seeing the young lord, saying, Since he found his lordship in such company, he did not doubt of the success of his

his commission. Accordingly, he withdrew with my father into another room, and made known his message; but that nobleman sent his complements to the earl, with advice, that his resolution was fix'd, not to appear at court, or trouble himself at all with the ministry; and, notwithstanding all the baronet could say, remain'd inflexible. With regard to his daughter, he return'd him thanks for his kind notice of her; but inform'd Sir *William*, that she was already disposed of, according to his liking, having, ten days before, been married to lord *Bertram*, whose alliance, with his family, considering the honour and favour he intended him, could not, he hop'd, be disagreeable to the earl. Sir *William* was struck all an heap at these tidings, which neither his master nor himself could have divined, and would no doubt have ventur'd to expostulate with his lordship upon it; but that he knew his temper, which admitted of no familiar airs from an inferior. He return'd then into the presence of lord *Bertram*, who pleasantly said, Well, Sir *Will.* how does lady —— do? See here, pointing to my sister, who had just entered the room, I have not quite so disagreeable a lady as my father would have impos'd upon me; but I shall be in town
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in a day or two, and don't doubt his approbation of my choice. *Clarissa* smil'd, and Sir *William*, after very ceremoniously wishing joy to them both, and my father and mother, took his leave, big with advices of such important matters, as he knew would touch his principal nearly: He was no sooner gone, than, by my father's advice, my brother order'd his servant to get all things ready to repair to town next day, and as his own equipage was arriv'd, they set out dress'd and attended in the gayest manner, in their chariot and six; my father, mother and myself, in our coach and six, attending them part of the way, followed by ten of our own servants in new liveries, and escorted by a hundred of our tenants, and then left them to pursue their journey to *London*, where, as *Bertram* had only lodgings in town, they repaired to my good uncle's, who received them with joy and rapture, and such distinction as the illustrious pair truly merited. Here, all the friends of both families paid their complements to them, and it was a perfect jubilee to my uncle, who was charm'd to the highest degree with his new relation, who had as many friends as his father had enemies. The day after his arrival he sent to desire leave
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to wait upon the earl, accompanying his request with a most sensible letter, in justification of the step he had taken. He did not deign to see the bearer, tho' a gentleman; but the next day sent his old confident, Sir *William*, with the following billet.

I ORDER you not to approach my gates: You may put what gloss you please upon your disobedience to me; but, I can see thro' the thin disguise of your hypocrisy; a studied design to affront and injure your father. What the law obliges me to do, in regard to my fortune, you may expect the fruits of, but every thing else you, who I now look upon as a stranger to my blood, shall reap no benefit from. *Adieu*. I am shock'd at the folly of a man, who might have this day been master of 150,000*l*.

LORD *Bertram*, tho' very much griev'd at this behaviour of his father, was master of himself so much, as to betray no emotion at all before Sir *William*, and only return'd his duty to his father, and told him, he hop'd time would inspire him with other sentiments. This was not all, the duke of ———, who look'd upon himself as aggriev'd in the preference given to *Clarissa*,

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Ja above his daughter, was all fire and tow, and, in every company, talk'd of my brother in language scarce becoming a gentleman. As he had an immediate remedy for this part of his grievance, he soon recurr'd to it, and waited upon his grace, and convinced him, that he was not at all culpable; but that if he had receiv'd any insult, 'twas in his father's proposal without consulting him; in short, he talk'd so judiciously to that great man, that he was convinc'd, and therefore prevented his having recourse to his sword, which he went with a resolution to do, if his arguments had not avail'd, and his grace had not begged pardon, for the loose he had given to his tongue. Meantime, the lovely pair grew still fonder of each other, *Clarissa* had no joy but what centered in her *Bertram*; and *Bertram* never thought a moment well spent but in the society of his charming *Clarissa*. They had been receiv'd at court (notwithstanding the earl's great sway there) with the utmost goodness, and their praises dwelt upon every tongue: So that my parents were convinced they had rendered my sister perfectly happy, and rejoiced in the providential union; and, as to my part, I perfectly ador'd my brother-in-law. It must also be said to the honour of all
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the relations of his noble family, that they differ'd from his father, and shew'd the utmost regard for lady *Bertram*: Indeed, all the world condemn'd his implacability, and the motive for it; but they did not imagine the chagrin a wily statesman must endure, who is circumvented in a favourite scheme, for the aggrandisement of his family, who, us'd to see every one else crouch before him, and fawn upon him, had had his advice rejected, and his authority trampled upon, by an only son, for whose sake, perhaps, in conjunction with the satisfaction of his own vanity, he had been wading thro' the muddy streams of corruption, and preparing his soul for the regions of woe. If he chanc'd to cast his eyes upon *Bertram*, as they came from the parliament house, he turn'd his head away, with fury in his eyes, nor would suffer his name to be mentioned before him, he also took from him the post he held under his majesty, and shew'd his resentment in the same manner to my uncle, *Sir James*. And yet this man, even now lov'd his son, if only for his own sake, I will venture to affirm; at least an incident that soon after occur'd, would almost persuade one he did. My brother had, very unwarily, taken into his service, a fawning sycophant, who had pretended to him, that, for offering to say somewhat
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to the earl in his behalf, he had cashiered him. This, he the readier believ'd, because he knew he was a favourite of that nobleman's, and thought gratitude obliged him to make provision for him, and his *Clarissa* and Sir *James* were of the same sentiments. See how artless tempers are impos'd upon! For had they practis'd a little necessary suspicion, and indeed any servant from the subtil earl should have been suspected, they had never entertain'd a bosom enemy, as this prov'd to be. My brother had even taken such a liking to him, that he attended constantly about his person; and my sister, to whom his esteeming any body, was a reason for her respecting them, shew'd him all possible countenance, and endeavour'd to make up to him his sufferings upon their account. It happened, our family was in town, upon a visit to my uncle and my brother, and we were all at the house of the latter, and very affectionately seated, at supper, with no other company than our own family; for *Bertram* and his wife, loved peace and retirement, and fled from crowds and noise, like my parents. The servant aforementioned waited, with another, at table. *Clarissa* call'd for a glass of wine and water to him, and, as he brought it along, cry'd
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to our father, My lord, I love to be serv'd by this worthy creature, because he suffer'd for me? *Bertram* bow'd to her, and reply'd, No, my dear lady, you mean because he suffer'd for me: *Clarissa* blush'd, whilst Sir *James* return'd—True, child, I believe she regulates all things by her affection for you; but *Robin* is really a very deserving trusty fellow. The man seem'd very much confus'd at these words, which we suppos'd was occasion'd by the praises bestow'd upon him and his hand shaking, before he came near enough to deliver the glass to my sister, he let it fall upon the floor: This still increas'd his dismay; but my sister kindly said, come, come, 'tis but an accident, fetch me another, and we all now kept on eating and talking of other matters. *Robin* was order'd to call a servant to take away the broken fragments of the glass, and to wipe up the slop it had made; but the latter part of the trouble was sav'd, for a spaniel of my uncle's, that was in the room, lapp'd it up, and, in about ten minutes after, ran about, howling in a most unusual manner, to the surprize of the whole company, and, in less time than one can tell an hundred, reeled and fell down dead upon the hearth. My father, who noted every thing that pass'd, with more penetration,

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tration, perhaps, than any one else present, and perceiv'd *Robin* stealing out of the room, rose suddenly, and, seizing him by the collar, dragg'd him back again before us, who were all in confusion, and yet had form'd no judgment upon the accident. But now, *Bertram*, shrugging up his shoulders, began to have the same thoughts with his father, and rising, and drawing his sword, said, Dear Sir, leave this man to me, your suspicions I fear, are too just. Villain, he continu'd, pointing his sword to his breast, ungrateful villain! Tell me quick, before I am work'd up to too much fury, what you had put into the wine you presented just now to your lady. Tell me, without any evasion. If you are set on by any body else, which, I begin to suspect, make a fair confession, and I'll forgive you? This he pronounc'd, quite trembling and shaking with fury and apprehension, whilst we all, wrapp'd up in silence, waited the answer: But, good God! what horror were we seiz'd with, when, at last, he falteringly told him, that he had put a deadly potion into the glass, which was given him by the earl for that purpose, who had discharg'd and given him instructions to get into his family, for the greater facility of executing this damnable scheme.

Then, to prove what he had affirm'd, he produc'd a short note, received that very morning, which we all knew to be his lordship's own hand writing, to the following effect.

WHAT do you make farther delays for? I will accept your excuses no longer: Administer what I gave you, directly, that we may be rid of *her*, who is the bane to my peace. Take care you make no mistake—it is not my intention that *he* should suffer.—I am able to protect you.

BERTRAM, was quite overcome with this discovery of his father's wickedness; *Clarissa* turn'd pale and wept, and indeed all present were most intimately affected. The fellow went on thus, seeing no body had power to speak beside.—I acknowledge myself the greatest of villains, to purpose so black a deed; but, my lord, consider my temptation and the tempter.—Your father, capable to do me every service, and a thousand pounds reward;—but your goodness and my lady's fill'd me with compunction:—I have had the poison, for this purpose, ever since you took me into your service,—but could not find in my heart to administer it—nor at last—you have observ'd, could perform the hel-
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lish task.—I look upon myself, as a wretch unfit to live ; but if you spare my life, the residue of my days shall be spent in prayers for your welfare. So frank a confession of his guilt, and a profession of repentance, that appear'd so sincere, prevail'd on my sister to intercede for him ; which she did to so much purpose, that he was suffered to leave the house without lett or molestation, and, when he was gone, *Clarissa*, laying her hand upon *Bertram's*, said, smiling, My dear, you perceive your father was going to do you a piece of service ; to help you to a new wife ; but I hope you are not tired of your old one yet ? He folded her in his arms, and, tenderly embracing her, reply'd, My dear life, you know it is impossible I should support existence, if I should ever lose you ; the very apprehension of what might have happened, had not providence interposed, will not permit me to return you a chearful answer. Unnatural father ! Enemy to innocence and virtue !—My father and uncle, and all of us agreed to be very circumspect with regard to a man who could carry his animosity and revenge to such cruel lengths ; but, at the same time, resolv'd, at the Instance of *Bertram* and his lady, to keep the whole matter an impenetrable secret.

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My brother-in-law and sister, however, before the next day, had agreed upon a project, which they resolv'd to put in execution, immediately. And my brother embrac'd it with more pleasure; because the scheme was my sister's. In short, it was agreed she should wait upon him, and endeavour to soothe him to a reconciliation, inforcing it by laying before him the enormity of his late attempt. Her admittance was the easier to be obtain'd, as the earl had never seen her face to face, tho' he might have beheld her at a distance, and as most of the servants were in the interest of, and had an affection for, his son, their future lord. *Bertram*, indeed, express'd a very tender concern, lest he should be tempted to use her with ill-manners or indecency; but nothing could prevail upon her to relinquish her visit. Thus, relying on the native eloquence of her speech, and the graces of her person, and delighted with the hopes of carrying so important a point, she set out, in my uncle's coach, dress'd in the most gay and splendid manner; tho' her design was kept perfectly secret from Sir *James*, and my father and mother. *Bertram* had sent for a principal servant of the earl's, before she set out, who, as he had promis'd, intro-

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duced her into that nobleman's presence, who was then writing in his closet, and had just recovered from a fit of the gout. He got up, with some surprize, at the entrance of a visiter, who at first sight commanded his liking, and, at the same time that he cast his eyes, with fury at her introducer, for not giving him notice who she was, he hobbled up to her, and received her with great respect and complaisance, and drew a chair near to his own, for her to repose herself in, the servant withdrawing meanwhile. After a silence of some moments, he said, Madam, I have not the honour to know you, pray what are your commands? My business here, my lord, she reply'd, is of a very interesting nature, and will require your fix'd attention. I am, my lord, the daughter of a gentleman of a considerable estate, who has some posts under the government, and is well known to you. My father has taken a barbarous resolution to marry me to a man I can never love, and is going to force me from the most amiable youth breathing. I have in vain remonstrated to him, and have suffered greatly in opposing this unhappy match. As my last retreat I fly to you, my lord, beseeching you to interpose your good offices in my favour; your wisdom and goodness will supply you
with

with cogent reasons to persuade my father against thus punishing me, and making me for ever miserable. Sure, my dear young lady, the earl return'd, they must be persons of very savage dispositions who give you any pain or uneasiness. Besides, why should a parent exert an authority over the minds of his children; sure they should be left free, and at their own disposal; as we cannot ease them afterwards of the misfortunes our severity may occasion them. I will undertake to speak and reason with your father in your behalf: All that see your perfections must admire you and compassionate your unhappiness. Pray, miss, what is your father's name? She could scarce keep her countenance, at this fine harangue, wherein he so floridly confuted his own behaviour, and waving the question, rejoin'd, My lord, I have not imparted to you the whole story of my unhappiness; the father of the youth, whom my heart has elected for an husband, is as inveterate against the match as my own parent, and, to prevent it, has even made an attempt upon my life. If I examine my own breast; I know myself form'd to constitute the happiness of a man of sense and humanity, whom, if I lov'd, I should study by every word and action to oblige, and am

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ture I should carry it with the utmost respect and reverence to his relations; but the cruelty of my fate seems to deny me that satisfaction. Don't you think, my lord, my case is extremely hard? My dear lady, the earl reply'd, the father of your intended spouse is, methinks, the most culpable in this whole affair; for I am certain he could never behold a fair partner for his son, adorn'd with so much grace and sweetness as I behold in you.—You are form'd, madam, to captivate all you come near, and you have made such an impression upon me, that I'll employ all my arguments, and all my interest to serve you. Pray, lady, once more, let me know your name? To have mov'd you, in my favour, my lord, she continued is an inexpressible happiness; I am sure if you undertake to plead for me, it must have all the effect my soul can desire; but, Sir, consider, make the experiment upon yourself, were you in our father's situation, would you kindly take me to your arms, and my worthy husband, if, prompted by our loves, we had entered into the state of wedlock privately, and without your knowledge, and if, on inspection, I should be found not so brilliant a fortune as was, at first imagined? I shall answer, you, miss, rejoin'd the earl, without hesitation,

tation, that, however disappointed I might be, however angry with my son for his disobedience, I could not be displeas'd with thee:—Thou art a fortune for a prince, in thy own mind and person; here he sigh'd. Would to God, Sir, returns *Clarissa*, my father-in-law thought so; but, as my house is as ancient and illustrious as his own, as I do not come to his son's arms like a beggar; as he finds, he has, in the possession of me, all that can form his happiness; as my virgin fame was unsullied, and prudence has ever directed all my words and actions; as, I trust in providence, that his grand-children will be the worthy heirs, by due care, of his titles and fortunes; I really hope, my lord, that your kind offices will bring him to reason:—Undeserv'd unhappiness, sits very heavy upon the mind. At this conclusion the tears started in her eyes, which she strove to hide with her handkerchief, and so wonderfully affected his lordship, that, taking her hand in his, he cry'd. My dear child, you quite discompose me with your sorrow—would to God my son had made so good, so wise a choice—were I thy father-in-law, with what rapture should I fold thee to my bosom! Thou lovely excellence!

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THIS was the lucky moment, the amiable daughter waited for, and, flinging herself on her knees before him, in a sudden and disorder'd manner, she cry'd, (the tears flowing down her fair cheeks,) Then, my lord, behold in me your daughter, and do not deviate from your late kind expressions! Pardon that son, for loving what you think so worthy to be lov'd, and restore us to happiness. Oh! my lord, you intended my death; but behold, all the revenge I take, is this innocent endeavour to move you in our favour. Here is the fatal mandate (holding out the note to the servant to administer the deadly draught) that was to operate to my destruction, that was to sentence the innocently unfortunate *Clarissa*; but I was resolv'd to see this cruel father—to discover if he had so much brutality about him, as I imagin'd: But heavens! I have found him kind, and gentle, and compassionate to a feigned tale; why should I not then expect him to lend a pitying ear to my real, sad story. My father! My dear father! look tenderly upon my distress! The whole study of my future life shall be gratefully to repay you, in all the endearing cares of a daughter—consider who kneels before you—if the daughter of lord ———, who, perhaps
you

you hate; yet the wife, the ador'd, and adoring wife, of your beloved, all accomplish'd *Bertram*, who longs eagerly to throw himself at your feet for pardon!—She could no more, the perturbations of her mind were so violent; but swoon'd away, in the arms of this father, which were just extended to raise her from her beseeching posture. Admirable had been the effect, all this had had upon him—the beauty—the good sense of the charming *Clarissa* had before quite captivated him; the severe monitor she had held in her hand, which he well remembred, confounded him;—in a moment, in this happy moment, his heart melted; love, esteem, and every soft influence spread itself over his soul, and, before he was aware of it, he cry'd out—My *Clarissa*! my dear *Bertram*! whilst the tears ran quick from his eyes. He hugg'd the insensible fair in his arms, continuing, dear, injur'd beauty! open those lovely eyes once more, see thy repentant father, who will make thee ample amends for all he has unnaturally and basely said and acted against thee! Oh! gracious heaven, I fear she's gone for ever! Then laying her face to his, he continued his lamentations so loudly, that his cries alarm'd his gentleman, who was attending

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in the next room, and who was the same that had introduced *Clarissa*, who, coming into the room, conjecturing all the happiness before him, was order'd by the earl to call up some female help, and immediately the room was fill'd with servants, who, with drops, chafing and other means, at last brought her to herself; for she had work'd her passions up to so tender a pitch, that it was a mercy she was not gone for ever. The hearts of all present were distended with joy, when their lord, taking her again in his arms, call'd her by the most endearing names, of child and daughter, wildly, in the same breath, bid them all behold their new lady, and beg'd her forgiveness for his late obdurateness. The transported *Clarissa*, was so overcome with the view of this long wish'd for felicity, that joy had the same effect upon her, as grief had before, and, looking at him with eyes in which gratitude was painted, and pressing his hands between her's, she once more fainted; but her privation of sense was not of so long a duration; so that the servants, blessing themselves at the unexpected grateful sight, left them once more together. Again and again, the earl ask'd her forgiveness, and as often she kiss'd his hand, and told him, *her present joys, made*
her

her past miseries sport. He told her, he would dispatch her equipage home without her, and that he could not bear the thoughts of her leaving him 'till the morrow, and, upon the whole, they agreed she should write a little billet to her lord, and the earl insisted, that as he had been so great an offender he would the next day fetch her father, mother, sister and uncle, together with his son, to dine with him, and she should preside as mistress of the feast. The letter she wrote to her *Bertram* was to this effect.

My dear Lord,

REJOICE with me, that our noble father has taken me into his favour, and made me supremely happy. Your *Clarissa*, is now enjoying, in his presence all the distinction, all the tenderness that can be paid to a daughter—to your wife. Tomorrow you will see us, meantime, my love, make yourself and my dear parents easy.

Your transported

CLARISSA.

THIS dispatch'd, they spent the day in the greatest felicity: He made her a present of all her late mother-in-law's jewels, and abundance of the family plate; they din'd and sup-

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ped elegantly, and, against night, the best apartment was provided for her reception, to the door of which he attended her, and then order'd her female train, who were quite charm'd with their young lady, to take care of every thing to oblige her.

BERTRAM, when the equipage return'd empty, which was sometime before the billet came by the earl's gentleman, and no account could be given by the servants of their lady's motives for staying; was like one distracted, and then, told us all the project *Clarissa* was gone upon; blaming himself, in the highest degree, for exposing her to the fury of his unnatural father; and, indeed, we were all greatly disturb'd; but in a few minutes afterwards, Mr. *Wilkins*, the earl's gentleman, sent word that he attended, who being introduced, *Bertram*, cry'd, with precipitation, *Wilkins*, where is my wife? My lord, that faithful creature return'd, with a smile, bowing to my father and the rest of us, I congratulate you and all this noble company; my young lady I left with your father, who by his behaviour, I fancy, is not over willing to part from her; but this letter, my lord, giving the billet, will explain the whole. Words can't express the sudden revolution it caus'd in *Bertram*; from a state of sor-

row and and apprehension, he was rais'd to an extacy of joy. He gave the letter to my father, we read it all round, and felicitated each other upon the contents. *Wilkins* went away loaded with presents; my father gave him twenty guineas, and *Bertram*, and my uncle the like sum each, and his young lord promis'd to remember him. When he was gone, *Bertram* said to my father, See my lord, my *Clarissa's* kind project has succeeded—yesterday she was on the point of being murdered; to day she is in the arms of her enemy, caress'd and happy. Well, we only wanted this to make us supremely bless'd; and I hope, my lord, and Sir *James*, on my account, your animosity will cease to my father, as soon as he ceases to give occasion for it. Now my ador'd wife will shine in her proper sphere! My dear, my father reply'd, I can't describe to you how I am pleas'd with this change in your father—every thing shall be forgotten with me, my bosom burns to embrace him. Sir *James* profess'd the same sentiments, and my mother was quite transported; and I could not help saying, innocently, Lord, brother, sure my sister won't stay all night, in a strange house, tho? Yes, my dear, he reply'd; but she will, and perhaps spend
great

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great part of her future life there too. They all smil'd at my question ; we spent the evening in the greatest harmony, and next morning, rose early, full of expectation of seeing this lovely enchantress, who had thus charm'd the earl's rugged temper.

WE did not wait long before an equipage stopp'd at the door, and the earl sent his name in, to speak with my father and Sir *James*, who receiv'd him at the door, and, retiring into the antichamber, a long conference pass'd between them, at which, I presume, the earl generously ask'd their pardon for his mistakes, and they as generously granted it. After which they embrac'd, and, soon after, they led him into my mother's apartment, to whom he behav'd with the highest distinction, and also caress'd me saying, Ah ! my lady, your daughters are all copies of yourself, lovely and charming ; my dear *Clarissa* has made an absolute conquest of my heart, and I fear I shall not be able to live a day without seeing so amiable a daughter. My mother was going to make a proper reply ; when Sir *James*, who had left the room for that purpose, return'd with *Bertram*, who approach'd his father, with an affectionate air, and flinging himself on his knees before

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fore him, cry'd, My dear lord and father, permit me to ask your forgiveness for all the errors I have been guilty of, and to assure you, that every future moment of my life shall convince you how much duty and affection I bear to the author of my life, who has so generously received my wife to his protection. The tears standing in his eyes, the earl rais'd him, and clasping him in his arms, return'd, Ah! my dear son, 'tis I am to ask forgiveness of thee, and this illustrious company—I, that would have made you miserable, and, bewitch'd to the allurements of riches, those deceitful cares, have perpetrated a crime that my soul now shudders at; but to reward thy virtues, thou shalt find me truly a father—my whole study shall be to repair the injuries I have done you all—to exile from my bosom every thing that should not harbour there.—Happy in thee and thy *Clarissa*, I will bid adieu to the chicanery of state, and try to act like a rational creature, that expects to give a future account of all his deeds, at a tribunal where no favour nor affection will be shewn, to the pompous title or the glittering star.—Your lovely wife has made a thorough conquest of, and alteration in my mind. The son, and all present, wonder-

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wonderfully mov'd with this speech, testify'd their sense of it, by repeated embraces, and at length we became fit for conversation, when the earl told them he came to invite them himself to dine with him, willing, as his enmity to them had been publick, that his repentance should be so likewise; and as to your part, my lord, turning to *Bertram*, do you, once more, enter those doors, within which every thing is again at your command; your *Clarissa* presides at my table. So saying he got up and took his leave of us, leaving us full of joy at his behaviour. My father observ'd, that now he thought himself supremely bless'd, and, embracing *Bertram*, continued, My dear son, my happiness, in so worthy a husband for my *Clarissa*, could reap no increase but this; and the pleasure I perceive sitting in your eyes, and heaving your bosom, doubles mine! My lady kiss'd him, Sir *James* strained him in his arms, and I, with the usual familiarity, took him about the neck and wish'd him joy. We parted to dress for our visit, and, being all array'd sumptuously, we got into our chariots, and, in half an hour were roll'd away to the earl's, where, alighting, that nobleman stood ready to receive us, all the servants lining the hall, and, with joy in their faces, bowing

bowing and courtſying to their young lord, who return'd them what ſilent thanks he was able. Thus we march'd up the great ſtair-caſe, at the head of which ſtood my ſiſter, attended by ſeveral ladies and gentlemen, my brother's relations, who had been invited on this happy occaſion. *Bertram* folded her to his boſom, with rapture, we all embrac'd her, and, complements over with all parties, adjourn'd into a moſt magnificent apartment, from whence, when we had repos'd ourſelves ſome minutes, we iſſu'd to another, where dinner was upon the table, which for the number of diſhes and its elegance ſurpaſs'd all I had ever ſeen. My ſiſter ſhone with jewels, ſo that I could not keep my eyes from admiring her, and did the honours of the table with a grace and dignity that ſurpriz'd us all, ſeeing ſhe had ſcarce ever preſided in ſo much and ſo illuſtrious company. *Bertram's* heart, I could perceive, was diſtended with exulting rapture every glance he ſtole at her, my father and mother were full of ſatiſfaction, Sir *James* could not help betraying his, by his words and geſtures, and the earl ſeem'd to be at the height of tranſport, whiſt the reſt of the company participated ſincerely in our delight. After dinner we ladies withdrew
into

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into another apartment, and, in about two hours, were join'd by the gentlemen, when the conversation became general and instructive; a band of music was provided, and, the house was fill'd with the nobility and gentry of both sexes; a grand ball, and an exquisite collation concluded the night, and, once more, we were left to ourselves, the earl insisting we should not go home till the next day, and that he would carry us to court; whereupon my mother was oblig'd to send home for dresses for herself and me, to make our appearance in. In the morning, so indefatigable the earl had been, he delivered to Sir *James*, a patent for a place of greater value than that he had been the means of his losing; he presented a fine diamond ring to my mother, and some costly trinkets of the same kind to me. We went to court, where, you will make no doubt, I was full of admiration, at the splendor and finery of every thing about me. The King and the royal family received us graciously, and his majesty was so good as to congratulate the earl and my father, upon their reconciliation. When we returned home, we found an elegant repast ready for us, and then, leaving *Bertram* and *Clarissa* with their father, we took our
leaves

leaves and return'd home, quite happy in this view of the felicity of my brother and sister, who did not join us for a week afterwards. For the seven years since, we have liv'd in a perpetual harmony together. My father was, at length, induc'd to accept of a place at court, by his friend the earl, and they are now in *London*. Sir *James* is alive and well, and my nephew *Bertram*'s only son, is with his grandfather, and promises to make as fine a man as his amiable father. The earl is doatingly fond of him, and, on the score of leaving the young *Bertram* with him, permits my brother and sister to gratify their solitary tempers, by retirement, for many months in the year, in which I frequently accompany them. Young *Bertram* is the idol of my father and mother, and Sir *James*; *Clarissa* and her lord feel still all the force of that soft passion that united their hearts, and I wanted no requisite to make me happy, 'till you, my *Ranger*, destroy'd my calm repose and peace of mind.

HERE the lovely *Leonora* concluded her narration, and *Davy*, pressing her to his bosom, return'd her thanks for her obliging pains and condescension.

C H A P. III.

Arrive at Bath. — Stay some time there. — Resume their journey. — Meet with an adventure on the road. — Are in danger ; but rescu'd from it by the courage of Davy, and the arrival of a stranger.

THE charming *Leonora*, insisted that *Ranger*, in return for his late entertainment, in the story of lord *Bertram*, should recount his own adventures without reserve, which he very readily and openly consented to, and delighted her ears with the narration. They had, by this time, got near thirty miles from *Bath*, on the side of *London*, not having pursued the direct road between that city and *Bristol*, when *Ranger* signified, that his curiosity would have led him, had he thought of it, to that famous health-restoring place : Upon which *Leonora*, kindly said, they would return to *Bath*, and stay there some time, and accordingly they entered the town in about five hours afterwards. They visited all the publick places of resort, the buildings, and seats in the adjacent country, which thoroughly gratified our traveller, and this they did without any danger of discovery to *Leonora*, as the city was not full

full of company, and, before they ventured abroad, she had procur'd a list of all the people of fashion that had taken up their residence there for the ensuing season. Highly delighted with the entertainment of this polite place of resort, they once more resumed their journey, and intended to have reach'd *Marlborough* that evening. They were got on the edge of *Pewsham* forest, about four miles beyond *Chippenham*, when, the weather being extremely fine, and the aspect of the trees very agreeable, Come, says *Ranger*, come my *Leonora*, let us get out and stretch our legs in this little wilderness, like some hero and heroine of romance, and invoke the wood nymphs, fauns and other sylvan deities, to witness to our passion. *Leonora* pleas'd with the motion, they alighted, ordering the coach to drive slowly on to *Stanley*, to which place, at all events, they determin'd to walk on foot. In short, the pleasure they took in their ramble was so satisfactory, on many accounts, that they determin'd to indulge it still further, and to take up their quarters that night at *Calne*, instead of proceeding to *Marlborough*, in consequence of pursuing their rambling fancy. They had straggled arm in arm, every now and then mingling their conversation with melting kisses, as
far

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far as a park at the extremity of the forest, when they over heard a strong, but melodious voice, sing the following stanzas, in a very mournful key, which engag'd their fix'd attention.

S O N G.

ASK ye, why thus I fly mankind,
Thus leave the joys of life behind,
To tell the woods my cares?

Ingratitude my bosom wounds;—

Ingratitude's infernal sounds;—

And thus provokes my tears.

Can dreary want impress such pain?

Can solitude's eternal reign,

Such bitter pangs impart?

As friendship's sacred rites profan'd,

As love's soft melting suit disdain'd,

Disdain'd the faithful heart?

False friend, and cruel, perjur'd fair!

Who thus have wrought, my fell despair;

For you, what vengeance waits?

Like me, to rave, your bosoms tear,

Like me, with sighs to wound the air,

And curse your wretched fates.

In vain has reason's voice essay'd,

To whisper its celestial aid,

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To heal my tortur'd breast :
Death ! Death, alone, can set me free,
From all this weight of misery ;
And lull my griefs to rest.

THE words and the sound of the voice very much affected them ; and *Leonora*, cry'd, Ah ! poor swain ; I sympathize in thy disquiets ; some false friend and falser mistress, if thou speakest in thine own person, have given thee cause to mourn ! I have felt myself too much from slighted love, not to take share in thy griefs. Ah ! my dear *Leonora*, *Ranger* reply'd, you are unjust to use these cruel reflections. Indeed, before I knew your worth, I was a truant from your arms, as,

*From flow'r to flow'r the wanton bee,
In curious search still wanders free,
And where each blossom blows :
Extracts the juice from all he meets ;
But for his quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose :*

and at length I am fix'd in your embraces for ever. This little chaunt, and obliging reproof, was repay'd with a kiss ; and, *Ranger* continued, Come, my love, let us seek out this mournful lover, and try if we can draw from him his dismal story ;

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story ; we are a wandering nymph and swain ; but did not think of meeting adventures so near the road-side. Agreed, reply'd *Leonora*, and, take my word, you'll find the friend more to blame than the mistress. *Ranger* smil'd, and they continued to follow the track the sound of the voice had directed them to, when, all on a sudden, they heard a shrill sound like that of a boatswain's whistle, and presently were attack'd by two desperate looking villains, who, bellow'd out, D——n your f——ls—deliver your money, or you are dead—I'll blow out your brains by G——d ! Poor *Leonora* was so frightened, that she was near fainting ; but the couragious *Ranger*, in one moment drawing his hanger, in the next so wounded one of the assailants that he was obliged to retreat, after having fir'd two pistols without doing execution ; but the other so dextrously parry'd his strokes, and made such artful attacks, that *Ranger* himself began to think he should have the worst of it ; whilst *Leonora*, seeing the danger he was in, made the forest echo with her cries. The combat continued thus, in suspense, for some minutes (the robber having fir'd his pistols, which providentially, like his companion's, did no damage, and having betaken himself also

of DAVID RANGER. 71

to his hanger) when the appearance of a third villain seem'd to put poor *Davy's* fate out of any question. However, the dauntless hero seem'd to have receiv'd fresh strength from the odds that presented themselves, and, with a wonderful exertion of it, kept them both at bay, like a lion; the new assailant, not having any pistols, nor thinking to charge those of his comrade's, that lay before him. All this, however, would not have done; tho' *Leonora*, seeing the life of her *Ranger* thus upon the hazard, with a spirit unusual to her sex, had seiz'd one of the pistols, and was endeavouring to aim a blow, guided by love and despair, at the head of one of his antagonists. But, kind providence, at that instant, presented a gentleman to their aid, who, drawn by the cries of *Leonora*, had reach'd the spot, and seeing the combat, and judging the occasion of it, tho' only arm'd with an oaken plant, ran to *Ranger's* assistance, and soon prov'd himself such a master of his weapon, that, in a minute after his arrival, the rogues were oblig'd to take to their heels, and trust to flight for their protection. The stranger seem'd dispos'd to pursue them; but was prevented by *Ranger's* falling upon the ground, quite overcome with fatigue and
loss

loss of spirits, seemingly in a swoon. *Leonora* ran to him, crying, Oh! Sir, help me to support this dear man; I fear he has receiv'd some wound that has endangered his life! Gracious heaven, how unhappy am I destin'd to be? The gentleman, without reply, rais'd him up, and examin'd his head and breast; but found no hurt, meanwhile, *Leonora* had scoop'd up some water from a neighbouring rivulet, in her paramour's hat, which being sprinkled in his face, soon brought him to himself, and, after drinking of it, he appear'd so refresh'd as to be able to stand upon his legs and speak, tho' so weak as to stand in evident need of some assistance to help him to *Stanley*; but the stranger making no offer to assist in his conveyance, *Leonora*, said, Sir, words cannot display our sense of the obligation we are under to you; to you we owe our lives, and every thing valuable; finish, Sir, your act of goodness and generosity, by lending me your assistance to lead this poor gentleman to *Stanley*, where our equipage attends us; were you to know him, I'm sure you'd think your charity well employed? The gentleman, with a profound sigh, answer'd, Madam, humanity obliges me to grant one part of your request, I will support him 'till you
come

come near the road and then must disappear!—That cursed road—has caus'd me too much unhappiness for me ever again to approach it; but pardon me, madam, some private sorrows, which are ever uppermost in my mind, have broke from me unaware. He took *Davy*, hereupon, under one arm, whilst the fair *Leonora* supported him under the other, and as they went along could not help observing the stranger, whose eyes were continually upon the ground, whilst frequent sighs burst from his bosom. He had somewhat very particular in his air and manner. He was tall and well made, his features were regular, and his face bore in it, such marks of a good heart as could not fail of prepossessing a person in his favour; but an air of sadness that dwelt in his countenance, plainly indicated the uneasiness of his mind. He seem'd to be about five and twenty or thirty years of age, and his dress was genteel but not gaudy. *Leonora* could not fail supposing that this gentleman, so miraculously sent to their assistance, was the very tuneful songster whose complaints had reach'd their ears before they were attacked by the robbers, and therefore, the ladies will excuse me, as nothing is so predominant in a female as curiosity, she was

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long casting about, how she should get him to *Stanley*, to gratify them with a detail of his adventures, as, now, in all appearance, he had sung really of his own unhappy case, and no fictitious strains. *Ranger*, by the time they had got a mile on their way, was so well recover'd as to be able to thank his deliverer, which he did in the most animated manner; whilst he cast, at the same time, glances of acknowledgment at his *Leonora*. When they had got within the found the carriages and passengers made upon the road, and the stranger made a full stop, as an indication that he could proceed no further; the lady, who had immediately form'd her plan, said, Sir, you seem to be unhappy like ourselves, who have experienced the broken faith of friendship and of love. It is now the close of the evening, the road which you have so much aversion to, will be soon cross'd, permit us to beg your company at *Stanley*; perhaps, mingling our sorrows together may administer some relief to our minds. *Davy* enforced what *Leonora* had requested, with all his eloquence. The stranger was induc'd to comply with their intreaties; for, after all, despairing in woods and sequestered shades, after nine o'clock at night, will not suit the constitution of a lover in these

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these northern latitudes; tho', in more amorous southern climates, as romance has given us reason to imagine, the despairing swain may live for months under the rugged brow of some hoary rock, nursing his grief with tears, and sing song complaints, without the least injury from the weather, from hunger, thirst or any other incommodity.

C H A P. IV.

They arrive at Stanley.—The adventures of Delanio and Maria.

IT was late before they got to *Stanley*, where the servants, being in great fear for their safety, were going to disperse themselves several ways in search of them. They had hous'd at as good an inn as the place afforded, and *Davy* was put to bed with all expedition, and then, whilst supper was got ready, which they ordered in his chamber; for he desir'd them to stay with him as he was far from being disposed to sleep, *Leonora*, to encourage the stranger, whom we shall call *Delanio*, to relate his story; began, after a preparative sigh or two, to retail out a string of adventures,

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patch'd

patch'd up from novels and other materials, with great art and judgment, and in so moving a manner display'd the sufferings of the shepherd and herself, from false friendship and broken vows, concluding that they were in search of the perjur'd objects of their affection, having met, as accidentally as they did with him, that *Delanio*, who was not *unus'd to the melting mood*, shed abundance of tears; and *Davy*, who admir'd more and more the talents of his mistress, was forc'd to bury his head frequently under the bed clothes, to prevent his giving interruption, by laughing to the narration. When she had concluded, which she did not till she had employed above half an hour, she address'd herself thus to *Delanio*.—You, see, Sir, that you are not the only unhappy person in being; indeed we often over rate our own sorrows, which when put into the scale with those, of others, are frequently found to kick the beam; but begin, Sir, we are all attention to your story, if it is not too much pain to you to rehearse it. *Delanio*, made a low bow, and reply'd,—Ah! madam, you will do me the justice to imagine, when I have told you my sad misfortunes, they are altogether calamitous and dreadful—and past all remedy.—I was born
of

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of parents of no mean degree, who inherited a small estate of about 200*l. per Annum*, near the *Devizes* in this county, who died whilst I was at school at *Taunton*, in the fourteenth year of my age, and left their fortune to the care of an uncle of mine, one Mr. *Carr*, an apothecary at *Marlborough*, who was a man of good sense and integrity, and possess'd of one only daughter, of, nearly my own age, to whom his application and success in his practice had secur'd no inconsiderable fortune. Her name—the name of this false, ungrateful maid, is *Maria*, who had all the charms and graces of her sex, then in bloom; forgive me gentlefolks, if I cannot help giving you some description of this authoress of all my woes—this traytress!—it may in some measure excuse to you, and account for the effect her loss has had upon my mind. Her stature was of the superior size, her gait majestic, her face lovely, and the red and white so admirably mingled there, that nature seem'd to have design'd her as one of the wonders of her workmanship. Her complexion was of the *Brunette*, and her hair black, which wantoned in curling ringlets down her neck; her voice so touchingly melodious that, alas! it found too swift a passage to the heart. She had

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had a most genteel education bestow'd upon her, and her mind was fraught with sentiments of virtue and delicacy. Such she was, before the base *Lotbario* found the way to corrupt the innocence and rectitude of her soul!—Here he wept, but, drying his tears, proceeded.—

Now I make no manner of doubt that my readers, at least some of the more critical ones, will think the parentheses of weeping and sighing, in retailing out an amorous tale, rather contriv'd, to lengthen it than to embellish the narration, as a kind of *Spinning out*, with which few authors that write posthaste in order to finish their works, are unacquainted. But, snarl on; I'll assure my more gentle readers, that *Delanio* actually wept, wherever I say he did, and that, in the course of this true story of *David Ranger*, Esq; I have and shall keep up so strictly to truth, that, not even a fictitious sigh or tear shall be impos'd upon them.—Well, *Delanio*, thus proceeded.—

My uncle continued me at the academy till I was in my nineteenth year, and I had been, during my tutelage, but twice at his house, and but twice had seen the adorable *Maria*, who had even then made such a powerful impression upon my mind, that

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I was quite unhing'd to the further pursuit of my studies, which were as well of the academical as the classical kind. When I had reach'd my nineteenth year, as I observ'd, he fetch'd me from the seminary where I had made no contemptible progress, to his house, with an intent to my future destination in life, and I remember, I seem'd ready to fly to *Marlborough* full of the idea of the happiness I should reap in the society of my charming couzen. That lovely creature receiv'd me with all the freedom of so near a relation, and it was not many days before my passion for her was so increas'd, as to make a further concealment of my sentiments impossible. Haply I speak to persons who have experienc'd all the force of that tender disease of the soul, and who will therefore not wonder at the swift progress it had made in my breast.

My uncle, at first propos'd to me to take orders in the church of *England*; but finding that was not very agreeable to me, he then would have advis'd me to study physic; but he should not have let me see *Maria*, if he had thought of my pursuing any thing, besides the business of love. In short nothing but her idea ingross'd my mind; I made frequent parties of pleasure,

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meerly to enjoy her company with more freedom; for tho' I was forced, for appearance sake, to join other young people of the vicinity in my invitations; yet, as I very prudently pair'd them together, I met with little interruption to my suit, and my lovely fair one was at length melted in my favour, and gave me her heart without reserve. My uncle, during two years that thus glibly and pleasingly run away, was perpetually putting me in mind of the obligation I was under to become a useful and active member of the community, and tho' I frequently promis'd to think seriously of his admonitions; yet they did not convince me it would be eligible to quit my *Maria*, for any hopes of future additional fortune. My father had liv'd without toil, and I thought my fortune would equally serve me, without further bustle in the acquirement of worldly goods; I lov'd books, was of a solitary disposition, and full of flattering ideas of future felicity, with a consort, who in a cottage would administer more real happiness than any grandeur or riches could bestow. In short, I became so fix'd in these conceptions, that I was resolv'd, after gaining *Maria's* consent, to propose a nearer alliance with my uncle. For this purpose

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purpose I took him aside, one morning, and thus accosted him. Sir, you have been to me a real friend and father: To your care and circumspection I owe my present independency, and all the felicity I enjoy.—You have often propos'd to me to enter into some business to encrease my fortune; but I cannot say I find myself inclin'd to concern myself with the hurry of the world. I love retirement, and hope my little estate will afford me at least the conveniences of life;—nothing will be wanting, my dear uncle, to make me completely happy but your approbation of, and consent to my espousing my charming couzen, in whom all my wishes are centered, and without whom life would be a toil-some burden. My uncle, for some moments, stood staring at me with a deal of surprize. I believe this was the first time he ever had any reason to imagine any particular intercourse between us, and had only taken our familiarities to flow from our near relation. When he had recovered himself, he made me the following reply, Nephew, you have a little astonished me with your request, which to me appears not a little wild and romantic. 'Tis true you have an estate, and you are a sober tractable youth; you are also my nearest relation,

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relation, and, as such, I have your interest at heart. But then, my dear boy, I have also some regard to my girl, and think, for several reasons, a match between you will be improper. In the first place I think you are a little too nearly related, and tho' you are not prohibited in the very mention of the degree of consanguinity between you, yet relations at a greater distance are, and therefore I am convinc'd the omission was occasion'd by thinking it was unnecessary to provide against a matter which was so evidently improper. Secondly, You are both young, and may have a number of children; now I don't see how you have had any thought of futurity in the provision for 'em. Indeed if you could ensure only one son or daughter, and that you would leave him your little estate unincumbered, this would be no real objection; but as the contrary may happen, the first step you should have taken, would have been to follow the advice I have often given you, to encrease your fortune by some profession or calling, that was agreeable to your taste, before you had thought of matrimony. 'Tis true I can give *Maria* some money, but not sufficient, I think, even with the addition of yours, for that sure support to posterity which

which ought to be considered. A third objection, I suppose will be soon answered, that is, that I am not sure she loves you enough to spend her days with you, and I would never engage her in any match that should breed her discomfort. Fourthly, Young man, you seem to have brought too many of your notions of wedlock, from those pernicious fountains the antient and novel romances, and poets, of which I have observ'd you particularly fond, to my very great concern. There indeed, *Venus* smiles upon, and *Cupid* flutters over the enamour'd pair; *Hymen*, with his saffron robe and his candle, joins them together; all the groupe of little loves and graces hover round them; peace and plenty join their rejoicing train, and a couch of roses, pinks and lillies is strew'd for the consummation of their desires. Love, there, is meat, drink, cloths and fire; love boils the pot, love fills the capacious goblet, with the richest wines; love provides vestures of purple and gold, and love is the inspiring sun that chases away the midnight damps, the morning dews, and even in the frozen climes of *Lapland* can impart warmth and heat to the delightful pair. The nymph is constantly busy, in decking her grotto for the reception of the swain,
who

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who is perpetually after the chase, returns with the shining spoils of the game, the variegated skins of the leopard or the lion; or the heroine prepares crowns and chaplets of laurel or flowers, to bind the temples of her death-doing hero, who perhaps casts at her feet, the sceptre of some mighty kingdom, or the head of some tremendous giant or enchanter. If any children are ingendered between them, which we seldom hear mention'd, he is of no manner of expence or trouble to the parents: No, some sage necromancer, the guardian and protector of his race, whips him away, in his infancy, to a dreary desert, where, incas'd in some wonderful castle, and guarded by a griffin or two, that belch out fire and flames upon any that dare approach, he is nurs'd up and nurtur'd in every princely virtue and qualification, till the destin'd period is arriv'd, when he is turn'd loose upon the world, to overturn kingdoms, dethrone monarchs, and destroy monsters, as his father did before him, and, at length, like him, is rewarded by some beautiful princess, whom he is to gain by saving her father's dominions from destruction. Ha! Ha! Ha! Why my dear, all these mighty things were transacted before pocket soups and gellies were invented,

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ed, which otherwise would have rendered such a way of life a little more feasible: But now let us turn the modern and real side of the picture. The nymph you sigh after, and the swain that sighs, are in the bloom of health, vigour and beauty; but a fit of illness may destroy all the roses of their complexions, and the delicacy of their charms: Aching pains may induce rougher strains than those of love; the cares of life, its necessary and inevitable wants and disappointments, will breed disquiet, and distaste; enjoyment will pall, and the squalling of children will disgust: Nothing can be procur'd in these rugged climes without money, nor will any conjuror take your children off your hands to educate and provide for them. How necessary then is it to enter prudently into the state of matrimony. Ah, my child, little do either of you know of the down hill paths of life. Nothing will support a couple thro' its distresses, but a love at first founded in wisdom and virtue, and continued by prudence and delicate good sense. The fire that actuates your bosoms, is but a disordered flash of passion, and, when the cool water of reflection is thrown upon it, will subside.—Go too!—let me hear no more of such boyish and girlish nonsense; think of entering

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tering into some occupation that may serve yourself and the world, and some years hence, if you should like each other well enough, perhaps I may consent to your union.

THIS odd answer of my uncle's, and the droil manner it was delivered in, quite confounded me. In reality there was a great deal of truth in what he had said, and I appear'd mighty little in my own conceit: I resolv'd, however, still to love on, and also seriously to think of profiting by his instruction, and entering into business. But then, I could think of none that would not exile me from the charmer of my soul, and at last determined to intreat him to instruct me in his own profession, to which I had some turn of mind, and to have a little patience as to the affair of marriage. *Maria*, seem'd also to be easy in my resolution, and my uncle, without any hesitation, took me into his business, as an assistant, nor made any alteration in his conduct towards us. He was too wise to inflame our desires more by separation, depending upon our principles and education that no hurt would arrive from his indulgence; and he was quite transported in seeing me assiduously attend to his lectures in pharmacy, which I soon became a very tolerable

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able proficient in. Meantime our passion encreas'd to such a degree, that we could scarce be a moment out of each other's sight; and, bating enjoyment, partook mutually of all the tenderneffes and assiduities of a man and wife. My uncle seem'd to regard it with pleasure, and one evening, at supper, looking upon us with the utmost affection, said, My dear children, I with delight perceive your regard for each other; you have acted with prudence and discretion, and I have no fault to find with you; I shall now venture to tell you, that, in half a year more, I will, with satisfaction, consent to your being united together in the sacred bands of wedlock. I will then deliver over my fortune to you, reserving only sufficient for securing me your respect, which a needy or dependent parent is seldom secure of, and I will admit you, nephew, into a share of my business; you will live, I'm sure, to applaud my advice, when children increase upon you, of endeavouring to secure independency and support for your younger ones. You are now twenty-six years of age, and I will withhold from you, no longer, what I think you have so well merited! We both knelt down, in a rapture of delight, kiss'd his hand, and returned him
unfeigned

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unfeigned thanks for his goodness. Alas! Madam, little did I imagine these were the last moments of happiness I should ever enjoy!

ABOUT a fortnight after this declaration, a school-fellow of mine, who I had always distinguish'd by acts of friendship and kindness, whom I lov'd, and who made the utmost shew of a like return, came to pay us a visit. He was younger than me, in his twentieth year, a most amiable person, and possess'd of all those soft graces that too readily captivate a female imagination. *Lothario* appear'd in our family with all the advantages, that fortune and dress could bestow upon him, and, from his first entry into it, was receiv'd by *Maria* with a very particular distinction, which I noted with some pain. My uncle, on my account, treated him nobly, and we made many tours of pleasure into the adjacent parts, with a design to divert and entertain him, and, as I imagin'd, to shew me honour in my friend. From his arrival, I may date my succeeding misfortunes; for, in a week's time, *Maria* visibly declin'd in her affection to me, I no more perceiv'd those kind glances which us'd to be directed to me, and the little freedoms I us'd to take with her, were now return'd

return'd with a frown that struck me to the heart. Meantime *Lothario* was oblig'd and favour'd in every thing he desir'd, and had a very visible preference shew'd him. This was carry'd to such an excess, that, at last, I could bear it no longer.—I expostulated with *Maria*, who only laugh'd at my complaints; told me I was of too suspicious a disposition, that I was quite mistaken in my conjectures, and that if I display'd such a temper before marriage, she should begin to dread the moment that should put her absolutely in my power, and flung from me with an air of resentment, and indifference, that I thought very extraordinary. I took the liberty also to talk to *Lothario*, to put him in mind of our settled friendship; and besought him, with tears in my eyes, not to interrupt, by his presence, a happiness that had never been disturb'd before. *Lothario*, put on an affected surprize at all that I said, and answer'd me in too ludicrous a strain for a matter of such importance; so that had not my uncle that moment appear'd, his treatment of me might have been fatal to him. From this time I absented myself from their company; but, by all the private means I could devise, watch'd their motions, and having feed all our servants

to

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to bring me intelligence of what they heard and saw, was soon convinc'd they took such freedoms as did not comport with the delicacy of *Maria* to suffer. Once, he even went so far as to take her round the neck and kiss her, upon some smart thing she had said, tho' my uncle was present in the room, which she, so far from resenting, seem'd pleas'd with. Irritated to the last degree, I at length sent him the following note.

Sir,

MEET me tomorrow, at six in the evening, in the arbour at the bottom of the orchard. I have provided two pistols, and expect satisfaction for your base usage of the despairing

DELANIO.

THE servant that carry'd it, return'd in about half an hour to my apartment, with the following answer, which, to make me absolutely mad, he told me *Maria* had seen before it was given him.

My dear Delanio,

I Would advise you to make all the haste you can up to *London*—*Navigat Anticyram*—and apply to *Tyson* or *Monroe* for redress in your complaint.—You are really
and

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and *bona fide* a mad man, and whilst you coop yourself up as you do, you will never be cured. I wait only for the happy moment of the return of your reason, and will then leave your territories; immediately too, if you desire it. I should be as mad as you, were I to face a lunatick armed with a pair of pistols. Ha! Ha! Ha!

. Adieu,

LOTHARIO.

Words cannot paint my rage on this occasion, I was going, that instant, to discharge a brace of balls thro' his disloyal heart—when one of my scouts brought word, that he and *Maria* had just got on horseback, and were setting out that minute for *Bath*. It was dark almost, and now I was convinc'd that I was totally wretched. Egg'd on with revenge and fury, I ran down from my apartment, and sally'd out, not waiting to speak to my uncle, who would have stopp'd me, and made such expedition that I soon, tho' on foot, thought I heard their horses tread before me, and soon after the perjur'd false *Maria* cry—Well, Sir, I suppose my *Oroondates* is strutting about, by this time, in all the attitudes of tragedy—I can't say but I pity him!—Poor man! I hope this adventure will cure him

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him—how blind he is to his own failings! —More she said, but too low for me to hear. Indeed I was all over convuls'd with passion, and, flinging the pistol away that was cock'd ready for execution, I cry'd out, as loud as I could, base friend!—Cruel fair!—enjoy the fruits of your treachery—for me are reserv'd misery and despair, and all the pangs that hell can inflict! —Heaven will punish such perfidy! I threw myself, in uttering these words, upon the ground, and shed a flood of tears springing from real anguish, and got up again with a firm resolution never more to return home; but to wander thro' the wilds and desarts, there to vent my complaints, till death reliev'd me from my woes. I declin'd the open ways, and swore never more to set foot on that curs'd road, where I heard so plain a confirmation of all my dreaded misfortune: Ever since, now two days and a night, *Savernask's* lofty trees, *Crokwood's* sequester'd shades, and *Blackmore's* dreary gloom, have alone witness'd my tears, and I had not many hours entered *Pewsham's* groves, when providence directed your cries to my ears, and happy am I that I could assist you in your peril. Thus, madam, you have my calamitous relation, and tho' my ears were open, attending

ing to your story ; yet I think it was not so fraught with horror as mine. At this conclusion, he wip'd his eyes, and then cast them up towards heaven, in a deploring manner. *Ranger* and *Leonora*, who were greatly disappointed, star'd at each other, and shook their heads ; nor could the lady help, soon after, bursting out into a loud laugh, at which *Delanio* seeming quite disconcerted, she cry'd—Excuse me, dear Sir ! I'll tell you the reason of my laughter ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Did ever mortal so attentively listen to a tale as I have done to yours ? Was ever creature so deceived ? Why I expected at least that you had found *Maria* false, and had ocular demonstration of it ; that you had murder'd *Lothario* and her, and set Mr. *Carr*'s house on fire, with other funest actions. But, truly, Sir, I'll deal plainly with you, I fancy you have really, as your uncle told you, been too deeply gone into the regions of romance, from whence you have borrowed your notions of delicacy, against which poor *Maria* so offended : This working, in concert with the gloom of your constitution, produced that strange jealousy to which your present uneasiness is owing, and which, by all that I can perceive she was taking some kind methods to cure, before the words for
better,

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better, for worse, had been pronounc'd over you. Don't blush, Sir, I believe I have hit the right nail on the head. Come, cheer up! that gentleman and I will endeavour to restore you to yourself, we'll take you back to *Marlborough*, and cure you of your *Sylvestrian* disease——

Beware of jealousy, that green-ey'd monster!

you'll find a very necessary caution, I assure you. What, cannot a woman speak to another man, but her sweetheart must think her naught? Fye, fye, swain, you have more probably involv'd your *Maria*, and all the family, in sorrow by their uncertainty of what is become of you! Good God! why I suppose you have eat nothing but sighs, and drank nothing but tears in your exile. Here's supper arriv'd upon the table, take that chicken and cut it up, man: Come, come, a glass or two of wine will inspirit you, and you'll not see things in the dismal light you did when you had immur'd yourself in your chamber, brooding over your suspicions and fears, and entering into leagues with your servants to detect their mistress in a laugh or a smile, behind your back. When ever you marry, let *Prior's* maxim be obey'd by you,

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in the conduct of your spouse, of which
you'll ever reap the salutary effects,

*Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind ;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And, clap your padlock—on her mind.*

RANGER, who had shook the bed under him with laughter, during the latter part of the story, and *Leonora's* lecture of advice, having slipp'd on his clothes, on the further side of the bed, came and sat at table with them, where he lent his aid to *Leonora* to banter the rueful *Delanio* out of his frenzy. Finding him coming too, and yielding to their intreaties of going with them to *Marlborough*, and having conceived a good opinion of his honour and courage, tho' not of the strength of his intellects, *Ranger*, held him a long and excellent discourse of the absurd nature of his malady, and the dreadful mischiefs it might occasion him, hereafter, in the matrimonial state, if he did not use his endeavour to get over it, repeating to him these lines,

*Those people whom folks cuckolds call,
Three creatures represent them all :*

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*Oft have I seen on plat of grass,
A shaggy goat, a ram, an afs:
Old grey-beard throws behind his horns,
And the reproach he sees not scorns;
Gibby in vain from scandal flies,
His horns hang ever in his eyes;
But Jack the greatest wretch appears,
Who takes for horns his lopping ears.*

Then they both canvass'd over the story he had told them, enter'd into all those circumstances from which he had form'd his imaginary ills, and, as plainly, as they could, without hearing the other side of the question, convinc'd him *Maria* was innocent, and he a mere visionary. In fine he was so far wrought upon, that he agreed to return to his uncle's, with them the next day; he began to doubt of the reality of his mishaps; thought himself too credulous and precipitate, and, before he went to rest, was fill'd with as much grief at the apprehension of having injur'd his *Maria*, by unjust and ungenerous suspicions, as he had before been with anger and despair at her infidelity. They lay later than ordinary the next day, so that they din'd before they set out, and the rest and refreshment *Delanio* had had, and the hope of finding his fair one innocent, and his friend untainted with ingratitude, made him a to-

lerable companion. *Ranger* furnish'd him with clean linen from his wardrobe, and they set out in a pleasant afternoon, *Leonora* longing to unravel the story of *Maria*; and arriv'd at the skirts of *Marlborough*, at about eight in the evening. They put up at a noted inn, and, by agreement, left *Delanio* there; for as he had muffled himself up, the people could not discover who he was; whilst *Ranger* and *Leonora* went to Mr. *Carr's* to break the matter properly for his return home. When they had enquired for that gentleman, they were introduc'd to him in an handsome parlour, where he was sitting with a young gentleman, who, at first sight, they judg'd was *Lothario*. At the entry of a gentleman and lady whose appearance was superior to the common stamp, they got up and politely saluted them, and, being seated, *Ranger* thus address'd the apothecary: Have you not, Sir, a nephew, who has been some days missing?—This very question chas'd all the red from their cheeks, with apprehension, and the old gentleman reply'd; with precipitation—Yes; Sir, Oh! too surely my fears are confirm'd, and the unfortunate youth is no more!—'Tis all my doing—I trifled too far with his malady! No, added *Lothario*; for it was really

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him, 'tis I, Sir, am culpable; by doing all in my power to make his future days happy.—I have lost the sincerest friend breathing, and caus'd the present grievous illness of your daughter!—*Ranger* and *Leonora*, heard these unstudied exclamations with delight, as it thoroughly justify'd their sentiments, and what they had advanced to *Delanio*, and the former reply'd.—Sir, you have no occasion to be so moved, *Delanio* is alive and well—we accidentally met together, he told his story, and we perceiv'd he was a *self tormentor*, which engaged us in endeavours to cure him, and we have so far effected it, that he is now in *Marlborough*; but our regard to him, kept us from forcing him to your embraces, fearful we might be deceiv'd in our conjectures, and that he might be the injured party.—Dear, Sir! dear madam! the uncle reply'd, how kind, how considerate you have been! and if you have restor'd him to himself, how invaluable the favour! My daughter has not left her bed since his departure; she lov'd him with an unfeigned affection; but was willing to cure him of a jealous humour that seem'd too natural to him, and which he discover'd first upon this worthy youth's coming amongst us, whose sentiments are too just and generous to lead him

him to injure his friend. *Ranger* return'd, Well, Sir, *Delanio* is worth your daughter's acceptance; bating this constitutional gloom which, in a great measure, reflexion may relieve him from, I verily think there is not a more deserving man breathing—I'll send one of my servants—No—I'll fetch him myself, quite calm and recovered, to your embraces. Do, Sir, the old gentleman reply'd, whilst I, with this good lady, go up to my daughter, and preparedly let her know that he is alive, and ready to throw himself at her feet. *Ranger* immediately set out, and when he came to the inn, inform'd *Delanio* of all that had pass'd; but when he had mentioned the illness of *Maria*, that romantic lover was thrown into such agonizing passions, that he really thought his brain was quite turn'd; he beat his breast, sigh'd, stamp'd, swore, pray'd, all in one breath, and sallied forth, even before *Ranger* could get himself ready to attend him. It had been thought proper for *Lotbario* to be out of the way at his entrance, and, he threw himself on his knees before his uncle, with so mortify'd a look, as disarmed him at once of his resentment. In the interim *Leonora* had been left with *Maria*, whose amiableness, and whose rectitude of

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heart,

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heart, had quite captivated her, and in the most prepar'd manner had let her know the condition and repentance of her lover. This tidings had such an instantaneous effect, that she was soon after able to leave her bed; indeed her spirits had been chiefly affected, which, in a little time longer, might have prov'd productive of some terrible disorder, if not of death itself. She seem'd to take a prodigious pleasure in *Leonora's* good offices, and study'd to repay her by putting on a chearful and compos'd air. Mr. *Carr*, her father, soon after *Delanio's* arrival, came up to them, inform'd his daughter that his nephew waited her consent and commands to attend her, and she, very eagerly, desir'd to see him. He was therefore directly told the glad request, and soon after entering the chamber, follow'd by *Ranger*, who was quite charm'd at the loveliness of *Maria*, flung himself on his knees before her, and cry'd, Ah! my injur'd fair, can you forgive a wretch who has so unjustly, in his mind, held you guilty of what I sure your soul abhors. Pardon, thou dear excellence, a crime which was caus'd by excess of love! But the future aim of my actions shall be to efface from your breast such disagreeable remembrances.

brances. Ah! *Maria*—what dire lengths had my frenzy like to have carry'd me! She held out her hand to raise him, which he kiss'd with great fervency, and reply'd, My *Delanio*, tho' you have made me suffer greatly by your unreasonable way of thinking, and your odd way of acting, yet I feel, I cannot indulge any resentment; you have a gentle pleader in my bosom, that tells me your unhappiness would be my own. But I hope this will be the last time you will nurse yourself up in such idle fancies. Can you see, calmly, the injur'd *Lothario*, who is too much your friend not to be deeply afflicted at what has pass'd? He return'd, I will fly on the wings of impatience to greet that dear youth, and to ask his forgiveness. Then turning towards *Ranger* and *Leonora* he continued;—but to you—my excellent friends—to you, I am indebted for this restoration to reason—to felicity! And I, rejoin'd *Maria*, owe them more thanks than tongue can utter. By this time the uncle and *Lothario* had enter'd the room, and the latter, and *Delanio*, exchange'd many warm embraces, and a pardon and total oblivion of all offences was sign'd on both sides. They then, finding it would not incommode *Maria*, entered into a gay and

free conversation, upon other matters, and all parties seem'd charm'd with each other. *Ranger* broke in upon them, at length, by saying, Excuse me gentlefolks, for reminding you, once more, of some late occurrences; but I do it that nothing may hereafter arise to disturb the harmony of this amiable couple; for perhaps *Delanio*, at some gloomy moment may recollect certain things that gave rise to his late suspicions, and it may poison the sweets he enjoys. He then ran over the particulars of the story that gentleman had told to him and *Leonora*, and, when he had concluded, *Maria* made the following reply: I perceiv'd, with pain, that my reluctance to indulge my *Delanio*, in some innocent freedoms he took before *Lotbario*, was very disagreeable to him, and yet it was what I thought prudence and decency demanded of me: My uncle and *Lotbario* also perceiv'd this jealous humour grow upon him, and the former join'd with me, in his apprehensions of the future consequences of it; we determin'd then to work it up to a proper pitch, and then to make him ashamed of his injurious treatment. This dictated our behaviour to him, my answer to his complaints, and that of *Lotbario*, who, I must here declare, was ever his advocate
and

and sincerely enter'd into our griefs, at the unhappy alteration of his behaviour, which had carry'd him such lengths as to bribe and league with the servants to pry into all my actions. They were, however, so much troubled at their office, that had we not order'd them to continue it, they would have left our service on account of it. We dictated all they told him, and, tho' it went to my heart, to think of the pain and anxiety the poor dear-man underwent, yet I knew the sore must be prob'd to the bottom, to work a cure, without which I should have been miserable for the remainder of my days. Our getting on horseback was all a deception; we were in the house at the time he so madly fallied out, and *Lothario* and my father took a compass to meet him, in order, by so glaring a proof of his extravagance, to convince him of his mistakes; but, by some means or other, were so unfortunate as to miss him, which gave us such severe pangs as cannot be describ'd, and brought me to death's door; for long I should not have liv'd under the torturing apprehensions that assail'd me, and the loss of all, I can with truth say, that I held most dear, which I could not help accusing myself for being the fatal cause of. Here the charming maid

concluded, and *Delanio* flinging himself again at her feet, all covered with shame and confusion, acknowledged his error, and said he never deserv'd pardon of her, for his faults, or of his uncle or *Lothario*.

WHEN they had continued as long as was thought convenient in *Maria's* chamber, they left her to her repose, and her uncle fix'd the day of their marriage for the second day afterwards, and so earnestly join'd *Delanio* in his intreaties to *Ranger* and *Leonora* to stay and partake of their joy, that, prepossess'd as they were in their favour, they could not refuse them.

C H A P. V.

Marriage of Delanio and Maria.—Ranger and Leonora set out for London with Lothario.—An occurrence which the reader would scarce have dreamed of.—Arrive in London.—Prior's motto verified.

GREAT preparations were made at Mr. Carr's for the celebration of the espousals of this amiable pair, who were now to be link'd together in indissoluble bands. *Leonora* was directress of every thing that regarded the dress and proper decorum

decorum of the bride, whilst *Ranger* was as studious to oblige *Delanio* with his instructions, as well for his conduct in the approaching festival as his future behaviour in life. Mr. *Carr* and *Lothario* were principally busied in making provision for the marriage feast; which the old gentleman so far indulg'd his hospitable humour in, as to intend for a jubilee, not only for his own family but all his friends and neighbours. For the feast, a large tent was erected in the orchard; and, in its neighbourhood, another well floor'd, for the pastimes of the day, where the lads and lasses were destin'd to curvet and frisk about, in honour of the new married pair. A band of musick was provided, and the spits already groan'd under the reeking offerings made upon this occasion to *Hymen*. *Delanio* led his *Maria* to the church, whose blushes denoted modesty and mingled expectation, whilst her groom walked, proudly conscious, by her side, of having the possession of a treasure that secur'd his future days from anxiety and solitude. Mr. *Carr*, *Ranger*, *Lothario* and *Leonora* follow'd next, and after them a long train of friends and neighbours of the family, and a crowd of gazers surrounded the procession; those that had long worn the fetters of wedlock,

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with an air of important experience, contemplated the sacrifice that was going to be made of this pure virgin ; whilst the wishing nymphs, and gaping swains, that had never try'd the noose, fleer'd in the faces of the bride and bridegroom, making unlucky and arch comments upon their looks and manner of carriage, not without certain whispers, full of *double entendre*, of the consequences that would result from the ceremony before next morning. The curate (for the incumbent of the parish was then at St. *James's*, soliciting a plurality) was waiting with his attendant clerk at the church door, longing for the arrival of the parties, and eager to dispatch his office, for, right well he ween'd, that then would ensue elymosinary sirloin, and the smoking pudding, besides other cates that parsons are well known to scent with remarkable eagerness. At length then, with a slow and solemn pace, they reach'd the holy spot, where this strange metamorphosis was to be wrought of a man and woman, into a man and his wife ; and that the rib was once more to be mysteriously taken out of *Adam's* side. Old *Rustycassock* perform'd his business well ; *Amen*, with a stentorian voice, made the temple echo again ; *Delanio* spoke with boldness, and
Maria

Maria with a modest diffidence went thro' the ceremony, and even pronounc'd those dreaded words, *Love, honour and obey*, which so confounds the haughty spirits of our goddesses, without changing her voice to a lower key. They return'd from the church, in much the same order they went there, save that the parson and clerk were added to the number, who walk'd with the solemnity essential to their functions. The dinner was grand and magnificent, considering the rank of the persons, the sports were continued till midnight, and *Leonora* and her paramour had never been more delighted, than in the display of humour in the country people upon this occasion. *Ranger* had, in conjunction with *Lotbario*, who was a youth of a lively genius, contriv'd a kind of masque to be perform'd at night, in which, *Hymen* was introduc'd, as the author of true felicity, *Cupid* attending him, and *Jealousy*, ruthless fiend, enviously attempting to imbitter the joys they had in store. *Venus*, the goddess of beauty, first led up the bride to the altar, with all the melting graces that distinguish her character; but when she returns, *Minerva*, the patroness of wisdom and prudence, takes the guidance of her, and delivers her into the arms of her husband, who is supported

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ported by *Fidelity* and *Constancy*. The following dialogue was sung by the married pair.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

H E.

HAPPY, now, thy swain can languish,
Freed from anxious pain and care!
'Tis his the state so free from anguish,
Every joy is center'd here!

In my *Delia's* lovely features,
All that charms my eyes I view;
Sweetest she, of earthly creatures,
Ever tender, virtuous, true!

S H E.

Oh! my *Damon* let me tell thee,
Fondly leaning on thy breast,
What felicity befel me,
When my *Damon* first caress'd;
First caress'd, his *Delia*, sighing,
Press'd her eager 'tween his arms,
Kissing, panting, murm'ring, dying,
Tun'd her soul to love's alarms.

H E.

Oh! if these young joys could gain thee,
What must riper pleasures bring,
That with blush can never stain thee,
And from reason's fountain spring;
Whilst

Whilst with awe and passion mingled,
I thy heavenly mind survey,
Every joyous rapture kindled,
Jealous fears exil'd away!

S H E.

Yes, my *Damon*, hence for ever,
Every discord, ev'ry strife,
Worst of ills, nor e'er can sever,
Those who thus are join'd for life:

Join'd, each others bliss consulting,
Ever careful still to please,
Every happiness resulting,
From such well pair'd souls as these!

B O T H.

Let us then swell the notes, and music's
voice.

Applaud in loudest strains' our well form'd
choice:

To bliss like ours celestial praise be given;
For marriage is the fav'rite gift of heaven.

ALL these things concluded, at length,
the bride and bridegroom, attended by a few
select persons of both sexes, retir'd to their
chamber, were undress'd with all the accus-
tomed formalities, not forgetting even the
antient ceremony of flinging the stock-
ing, and put to bed, where we shall leave
the amorous pair to revel in those delights,
which

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which need no description, as the greatest part of my readers both male and female have, no doubt, themselves experienc'd them, and those who have not, need no other stimulus than that of nature to prompt them to imitate themselves in the same mysteries. Indeed, I must confess, I am not my own friend, as an author, in thus concealing what pass'd between them in these delightful moments; because a little of that same lascivious description, has been found an infallible receipt to promote the sale of works of this nature; but I happen to be of his grace of *Buckingham's* opinion,

*Immodest words (or scenes) admit of no defence,
And want of decency is want of sense;*

and therefore shall neither offend one part of my readers or gratify the soul expectations of the other.—I had rather all the volumes I ever wrote, and they are not a few, were burnt by the hands of the common hangman, than, wittingly, raise one profane or one loose idea in the minds of those who do me the honour of a perusal; so that the world may conjecture I am neither a *Garretteer* nor a *Grubbean*.

WE shall shut the chamber door, then, of the new married pair with

Omnia vincit Amor; et nos cedamus amori:

and

of DAVID RANGER. III

and leave the sour, the splenetick and the envious, to gnash their teeth in the entry, and the old fusty batchelors to imitate the fox in the fable, and call those grapes sour which they never could reach. Let them all take advice, if they regret the happiness enjoy'd by the *Delanios* and *Marias*, who reap such felicity ;

*Might o'ercomes right ; and pow'rful love
can conquer,*

*The grey hair'd senator, and sparkish yonker.
Then since this love will conquer one by one,
Let's all agree to yield ; the work is done.*

However, not absolutely to offend my celibate readers, for it is the business of books of this species to please every body, I'll tell them what a certain old gentleman has somewhere said.—How sweet is the sound of *Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, when it can be pronounc'd without any one to contradict it.

*O ! may our hours of life be unconfin'd,
And wear an equal freedom with our mind :
And may no screech owl's voice from curtains
prate,*

*How your diverting friends have kept you late.
And when Aurora rouses you to wealth,
And with her fragrant dawn would give you
health,*

Obey

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*Obeſy her voice : And let it not be ſaid
You were commanded then to lie in bed.*

The words,

Amantium iræ Amoris redintegratio eſt,

plainly ſeem to deſcribe the opinion of ſome old philoſophers, That envy and ſtrife was the firſt principle of all things ; and when people had fought and ſquabbled till they were weary, they became very loving, and fell to the production of creatures.

*Men ſay the goddeſs ſtrife preſides above,
And cauſes things, and mixes e'en with love :
He that adores her muſt expect her ſcorn,
Whilſt crowds of bleeding ſlaves her ſtate adorn.
She wars, makes peace, is croſs, gay, ſour,
and kind,
And flies the compaſs of the various wind ;
But when ſhe ſeems the conqu'reſs in the field,
She'll in that unexpected moment yield.*

*Then let Hymen's rites begin ;
Iô triumph. Enter in.*

*But you that have th' inconstant torment got,
Conſider not the fortune of your lot ;
That goddeſs who now bears the name of wiſe
Was yours for hours before ; now his for life.*

THUS having ſaid a little to moderate their chagrin, in the uſual ſtrain of the declaim-

ers against matrimony, I must resume my story.—The next day our new married folks join'd their friends, somewhat late in the morning, and seem'd abundantly pleas'd with their situation; and now *Ranger* and his *Leonora*, would have taken their leave and set out for *London*, but so much importunity was used to detain them, for a week more, by the worthy *Mr. Carr*, and his children, that they were oblig'd, out of civility to submit, which they the rather did, as *Lothario*, to whom they had taken a great liking, had promised then to accompany them to *London*.

It may be proper to observe, that our adventurers, during the time of their continuance at *Marlborough*, never took the liberties warranted in a man and his wife; but liv'd and acted only as friends and acquaintance, save when they could steal some precious private moments, to indulge their fondness in, which seem'd to be still upon the encrease on both sides; so that the family little suspected the close familiarity between them. *Ranger's* person and address had made the way to all their hearts, and the graces of *Leonora*, her wit and good sense, had not only had the same effect, but had deeply smitten *Lothario* with a passion for her; which, at length,
he

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he ventur'd to break to her, in the most prepared way, at the same time telling her, if she had any the least engagement with his friend Mr. *Ranger*, her signification of it immediately should cause him to desist.—There is an innate vanity in woman that is too much flatter'd by such addressees, to permit them to disguise the satisfaction they feel at the effects of their charms; beside, *Leonora*, as my readers must have observed, was naturally somewhat coquettish, and, but for the indifference *Davy* had shewn towards her, would have led him a dance that would have made his heart ach. But it happened with her, as it does with most of the sisterhood, where they fancy a man, and he resists their yoke, all their *fierte* stoops immediately, and from domineering over others, they become downright slaves themselves. Thence all the arts she had us'd to get the possession of that beloved man; thence all the indiscretions her passion had made her guilty of; and, I, for my part, am ready to pronounce, that it was rather sickly humour and pride, than pure love, that had produc'd the present correspondence with *Davy*, and her elopement from her noble family, at least this chapter will so indicate; for when once a sincere passion has taken place in a female

male soul, I hold it quite impossible to drive it thence, or to change the object; and, of all constancies, that of a woman, I will assert, is without compare the most lasting, and, if the dear creatures are us'd with tenderness, consideration and honour, has so delightful an effect that words are too faint, too low to describe. My male readers will excuse me, since I have digressed so far, if I lay this down as an undoubted and self-evident truth, that "notwithstanding all the natural foibles of the sex; they would never become mean or base, if the men did not set them the example, or by ill usage, neglect and want of tenderness, either cause imprudence or hatred."

—But to return—*Leonora*, gave *Lothario* such an answer, as tho' it left him little hope of succeeding, yet egg'd him on in his pursuit; but as to her connexion with *Ranger*, she declin'd saying any thing about it, wisely considering that a rival was no inconsiderable spur to the conducting of an amour with spirit; nor could she help dropping some flattering hints, of her family and fortune, the more to secure the continuance of his addresses.—Poor *Leonora*! little did she imagine what a snare she had laid for her own heart, which could be said only to have yielded to opposition before;

fore; but now was to be melted by real love. Happy it was, that *Davy's* attachment to her did not rise from affection, but from gratitude and compulsion; and from an after admiration of her wit and good sense, more than from a love of her person. Otherwise he would, with bitterness of soul, have felt her defection, and have been infinitely more touch'd than in the loss of his charming *M'Carthy*. As it happened, then, that neither of them were inspired with a real genuine regard for each other, proceeding from the heart; it was a peculiar good fortune that *Leonora* had so fail'd herself in her politicks, as never to have propos'd matrimony, which, considering all things, I make not the least doubt, *Ranger* would have readily embrac'd.——

LOTHARIO was the only son of a baronet in *Somersetshire*, and was now twenty-three years of age; his person was form'd very advantageously, and he had those soft graces about him, his features wore somewhat so touchingly tender, that it was almost impossible to look at him with insensibility. He was master of a great fund of acquir'd knowledge, spoke with a grace, danc'd extremely well, and understood music to perfection, and
his

his voice might vye with those of the celebrated *Beard* or *Lowe*. Add to all this, that he was sincere and generous, and no one will wonder if lady *Leonora*, in her turn, soon became enamoured. At first she treated him with a kind of silent disdain, and yet a distant attention to his complaints, which he made in a manly, tho' moving manner; but, before the week of their sojourn at Mr. *Carr's* was expir'd, where they had perpetual opportunities of being together; for *Ranger*, was not at all suspicious or jealous, he had gain'd a declaration from her, that he was not disagreeable to her. Fir'd by this, the younger, determin'd to follow her up close, and, in short, made such progress, that, when she got into the coach to come to *London*, she had like to have made a mistake, by refusing her hand to *Ranger*, and giving it to *Lothario*, to hand her into it, and blush'd so extremely at it, that, then, for the first time, that once-lov'd man began to surmize what had happened, which kept him so silent and disturb'd during the first day's journey, that *Lothario*, who had conceiv'd a prodigious value for him, frequently questioned him as to the situation of his health. What disturb'd *Ranger* was, that principle of honour, which tells
the

the possessor, how mean and disgraceful it would be, tamely to submit no mistress to his rival: 'Tis true he had no legal property in her; but then he had, he imagin'd, a very tender claim, that of having enjoy'd her person. However, reason, at length, stepp'd into his aid, and, by the time they came to *Newberry*, when they stopp'd for that night, he had consider'd so well of matters, that, reflecting, if what he suspected so was real, upon the rank and fortune of *Leonora*, and the worth of *Lotbario*, as he did not find himself dispos'd to marry her, he determin'd, with all his power, to promote a match between them, and thereupon concluded to speak to her about it, that very night.

I should have just observ'd, that they parted from Mr. *Carr's*, loaded with blessings and civilities, and left that gentleman, *Delanio* and *Maria*, in the enjoyment of the most enchanting felicity. Before they went to their several apartments, *Ranger* signify'd to *Leonora*, that he would be glad of a few words with her in private, and, accordingly, when *Lotbario* had retir'd, she came into his chamber; but he could plainly perceive, not with her wonted desires and wishes about her, which had us'd far to exceed his own. He then declar'd

clar'd to her, what he imagin'd, but without the least upbraiding; and concluded, by telling her that, if matters were so situated, he would advise her not to refuse so advantageous and agreeable a match. At first the pride of our heroine was shock'd, at the easiness with which *Ranger* said all this, and the indifference with which he could think of parting with her; but when they compar'd notes, and considered all things; of lovers, they commenc'd friends, and, upon her declaring she should be perfectly happy with *Lothario*, *Ranger* kiss'd her, and told her, he would relinquish his right in her, with some smart jokes on both sides, upon infidelity and inconstancy. Now the going to *London*, as she had no lodging there, was debated; but, at length, it was agreed she should go to her father's, and *Lothario* should be instructed to demand her in form, after he had got his father's consent, which he could not doubt of, as she was of a family, and had a fortune superior to what he could expect; a fortune entirely her own, having been left her by her mother's father soon after the marriage of *Bertram* and *Clarissa*, besides her expectations from her parents.

SOME of my more squeamish readers, I suppose now, will pity poor *Lothario* in
having

having a lady impos'd upon him, who had before had a commerce with another. But let them consider her as a widow, whose first husband was defunct, and the case will not be look'd upon in so bad a light. For their satisfaction I can assure them, that this very night, they both declin'd their wonted familiarities, on *Lotbario's* account, and, moreover, *Ranger* vow'd never more to desire a repetition of the blessings he had enjoy'd; but ever, from that time, to behave only as a sincere friend, and a man of honour; she, on her side, protesting she was sorry for her misconduct, and that she would endeavour for the future to merit the favour and protection of heaven, by all her words and actions. Her servants, of which she had two, when she stole *Davy* from *Dublin*, and who had been witness to some familiarities between them, had been dismiss'd, luckily, as soon as they arriv'd at *Marlborough*, by their own request, as she had hir'd and cloth'd them in *Dublin* only for a certain time, which was then expir'd, and she gave them ample rewards for their fidelity.

Two days more brought them safely to *Windsor*, and now, no secret being made by *Leonora* or *Lotbario*, of their mutual love for each other; all matters were settled,

tled, in regard to her being conducted to her father's, which office was eagerly embrac'd by *Lotbario*, and when they came to *London*, after discharging their coach, which had had a long job of it, *Lotbario* and *Leonora* took a hackney, and drove away to my lord ———'s, and *Ranger* another, in which he was convey'd to the house of Mr. *Phillips* a merchant, a friend and former correspondent of his father's, in *Ayloffs-Street, Goodman's-Fields*, for he knew no body in *London*, and had been directed there both by his father's and uncle's letters, for advice and accommodation. And now I may conclude this chapter, which opens so many succeeding adventures, perhaps not improperly, with these lines of *Prior*.

*Whilst men have such ambitious fancies,
And wanton wenches read romances ;
Our sex will—what?—out with it—lye,
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of this tale I sing ;
A poesy for a wedding-ring,
In this short verse shall be confin'd,
“ Love is a jest, and vows are wind.”*

C H A P. VI.

Ranger receives a letter from Leonora, with directions for his conduct.—He waits upon Lord Bertram.—His reception, and introduction to several great personages.

WHEN Ranger got to Mr. *Phillips's*, and alighted, he rang the bell; and, a servant coming to the door, was informed, that gentleman was at home, was introduced to him, and met with a most courteous and friendly reception, and the whole family seemed to vye with each other in his entertainment. For some days he was taken up in the gratification of his eager curiosity, which had led him into every part of this great metropolis, in which he was frequently accompanied by his kind host, Mr. *Phillips*, and his lady, who, tho' she possessed no extraordinary share of beauty, yet was endowed with abundance of good sense. The theatre, in the part of the town in which he quartered, was then just opened for the ensuing season, and he frequently attended Mr. *Phillips* there, and, before the first month was at a conclusion, had become acquainted with the master of that little theatre, and most of the principal

pal performers, two of whom had trod the stage with him at *Dublin*, and consequently did not fail to publish the great reputation he had acquired in that city : So that the master was beginning to try every art to draw him to perform with him, which he knew would be a great advantage to his company, who were not then very shining in their several parts. For this purpose, as he was a complete gentleman, as well as a perfect actor, he visited more constantly than usual at Mr. *Phillips's*, where he had been long acquainted, and insinuated himself so far into *Ranger's* good graces, that, at length, he engaged with him at a very considerable salary ; which he rather did, as he found all the top characters at the two other houses were filled up. When this point was settled, he sat down and wrote, to his father and uncle, letters advising them of his safe arrival in *London*, and the place of his abode, begging, by the first opportunity, to hear from them ; and he told his uncle he had been so frugal, as not to have any occasion to draw upon him ; for, in truth, he had scarce broke bulk since he left *Dublin*, as *Leonora* had insisted upon being pay-mistress all the way. This business was scarcely dispatched, when he received the following letter.

Dear S I R,

I Fear you have accus'd me of ingratitude or forgetfulness, in not having written to you according to my promise; but I was resolved to stay till I could give you thorough advice of the near approach to the conclusion of my rambling adventures. My father and mother received *Lothario* with the utmost politeness, and I represented to them that he had been so kind to me in my journey from *Bath*, where I pretended I had spent my time, privately, for so long a space, that they thought themselves obliged to shew him all kinds of civilities, and, in a week's time, perceived so many good qualities in him, that, when he demanded leave to address me, after they found it was perfectly agreeable to me, they consented without hesitation. Thus we were obliged, for form sake, to act over the same story again that we had begun at *Marlborough*, and his father's consent being arrived, three days hence the marriage ceremony is to be performed, with great magnificence, I assure you, at which I hope to have the pleasure of your presence. *Lothario's* father has settled 600*l.* per annum on his son, and made me a jointure of 400*l.* per annum, by way of rent-charge; and, in addition to my own fortune,

of DAVID RANGER. 125

fortune, my father and uncle have promised us 5000*l*. Your very good friends, lord and lady *Bertram*, are just arrived in town, to be present at our nuptials, and long to see you. You will remember, I informed them that we accidentally met at *Bath*, and that you accompanied us to town; I told them the story of Miss *McCarthy*, at which they were greatly concerned for you, and my brother would have sought you out, before this time, if I had not pretended to have lost your address, and to have found it again only this very morning. And now, my dear *Ranger*, permit me to say, that I will ever retain the most tender friendship for you, will study on all occasions to promote your interest and advantage; and, if you resume the profession from which I pilfered you, and in which my heart pants once more to behold you, I don't doubt but I shall be able to make such a party, amongst the nobility in your favour, as will abundantly answer all your expectations. Adieu, dear Sir; my brother and sister, and your friend *Lotbario*, who loves you, as well as myself, long for your company. Believe me to be, my dear *Ranger*, your very affectionate friend, and humble servant,

LEONORA.

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DAVY was pleased to the last degree with the receipt of this letter, and the advice that lord *Bertram* and his *Clarissa* were in *London*: What promises *Leonora* had given him raised his ambition, and already he grasped, in imagination, the whole compass of theatrick honour and applause. He was to have appeared on the stage that very night; but took care to make a proper excuse, for some days, which was no hard matter to get accepted, for the master was his very obsequious servant, and took care nothing should give him the least disturbance or disgust. He rightly judged he should not be permitted to return very speedily, and had a superb and splendid suit of clothes made up, in which, on the second day after the receipt of the letter, he set out for lord *Bertram's*, judging it proper that he should introduce him to *Leonora* and her family. He had no sooner alighted, and sent his name in, than that worthy nobleman ran into the hall, followed by his *Clarissa*, and, flinging his arms round *Ranger's* neck, cried out, My dear friend, how transported I am at the honour you do me; and, familiarly clasping one arm about him, conducted him, by a kind of gentle compulsion, into the saloon where they were at breakfast, and then gave him time to return

turn his compliments, and to salute his lady; all which he did with his usual grace, which never failed to prepossess every one in his favour. *Davy* then, expatiated upon the pleasure he had reaped in so luckily meeting with *Leonora*, and complemented them upon the tidings he had received of her speedy marriage; and they both showed a prodigious deal of delight at his coming to be present at the ceremony. Thence, they discoursed of the merit of the two lovers; and *Clarissa* said, she hoped matrimony would tame her sister a little, for she had been for a long time a wild, rambling creature. Madam, *Ranger* returned, your ladyship's sister is possessed of every qualification to render *Lotbario* supremely happy, and the temper you blame her for, may engage her to prize her succeeding calm and quiet more highly. *Bertram* and *Clarissa* signify'd, that they should take a pleasure in hearing the accidents that had befallen him, since his last calling upon them, after his losing his *McCarthy*; and *Ranger* very readily gave them the detail of all his mishaps, and those of his family; his engaging in the dramatick profession, and his intention of coming to *London*, with his connexions with the master of the little theatre; but not a word of his adventures

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with *Leonora*. They sympathized with him in all his sorrows and misfortunes, and her ladyship shed tears over the unhappiness of Miss *McCarthy*, and *Bertram* was full of encomiums on the disinterested generosity, and the filial piety, he had displayed towards his father. When he had concluded, that nobleman spoke thus ; My dear friend, I can discover, throughout your whole relation, nothing in your behaviour but what discovers a noble and upright mind ; and hesitate not a moment to tell you, that your friendship, which took rise at my first acquaintance with you, has encreased every day since, from the contemplation of your excellent disposition, and many amiable qualities. I have, and always had, a great regard for the stage ; which, I think, has been too much debased, by the admission of low and immoral performers, and such as nature had not form'd for that business. I make no doubt but you will make a total alteration, in proper time, in our *British* theatres, and that you will introduce a new system of stage politicks, and render those diversions subservient to the amendment of manners, and the great end of polishing and reforming the minds of mankind. My table, my purse, shall ever be at your service ; and since you have chosen this flowery,
yet

yet arduous path, to fame and fortune, I'll undertake to recommend you to all those, amongst the nobility and gentry, who have a true regard for merit like yours. As to my *Clarissa*, she is too much captivated with Mr. *Ranger*, to neglect any opportunity of promoting his interest with the ladies. *Ranger*, quite overcome with these testimonies of affection from this noble pair, returned his acknowledgments in the most lively and grateful terms. And now, *Bertram* and his lady having retired to prepare themselves for *Leonora's* wedding, to which *Ranger* was to accompany them in their coach, returned to their guest, arrayed in the most gorgeous manner, and told him, that the earl, their father, would also be there, and they should have the pleasure of making him also known to him. They soon arrived at *Leonora's* father's, and *Ranger*, who had heard lord *Bertram's* story from *Leonora*, was eager to see all those noble personages, of whose virtues he had such high ideas. When they alighted, they were received by that worthy lord and his consort; and the former, turning to *Bertram*, said, My dear, may we hope this gentleman is Mr. *Ranger*, the pleasure of whose company, upon this occasion, was promised us by my daughter? Yes, my

G 5

lord,

lord, *Bertram* replied, this is our worthy friend, whom I recommend to your acquaintance. My lord and lady, then, particularly paid their respects to him, and welcomed him to *London*; to which Mr. *Ranger* returned an answer, and an address that charmed them. The bride and bridegroom were seated in an inner apartment; when they saw *Ranger*, *Lotbario* advanced, and strained him in a strenuous embrace, and *Leonora* approached him blushing, and he saluted her with an air, tho' of polite freedom, yet of mingled deference and respect. Soon after the earl and Sir *James*, *Leonora's* uncle, arrived, and many other noble personages of both sexes, to all whom *Ranger* was introduced by *Bertram* and *Lotbario*, and, in a little time, they too became enamoured of him, and promised to use all their interest in his favour.

THE espousals were performed at about twelve, the old canonical hour, and the repast, and ball that succeeded, betokened the high rank and quality of the family. *Ranger* behaved with such good humour, was so brisk, alert and witty, that he was admired by every one. Poor *Leonora* could not help stealing a look at him every now and then, and he had only one reflection that pain'd him, which could not be got over before the next day;

day; but when he found that *Lothario* appeared, in the morning, quite satisfied with his choice, and that he and his lady were rather increased in their affection, and the number of kind glances they bestowed on each other, his heart was set at ease; for the generosity of his soul would not permit him to enjoy peace, whilst *Leonora* was in any danger of unhappiness, tho', after all, he could not be charged with being the author of it. Thus *Lothario* verified the old maxim of the facetious *Erasmus*, with which he bantered the excellent Sir *Thomas Moore*,—*Crede quod babes; et babes.*

C H A P. VII.

Leaves his noble friends.—Finds letters from Ireland at his return home.—Contents of them.—Performs at the little theatre.—His success.—Followed by the great and the gay.—His behaviour thereon.

FOR a whole week Mr. *Ranger* continued in this delightful family, pleased to observe that *Lothario* and *Leonora* continued to improve in fondness and kindness for each other; but, at length, tho' sore against

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gainst the wills of his noble friends, he was obliged to take his leave, and return to Mr. *Phillips's*, after having received a general invitation from them all, to make their houses and tables his own. When he returned to his lodgings, where they had been mourning his departure and long stay; so much had he captivated all the family, he was presented with two letters, which he knew, at first sight of the superscriptions, were the hand-writing of his father and uncle, at which he was full of joy. His uncle very affectionately wished him success, wondered at his frugality, that he had not drawn upon him, and reiterated his former promises of making him his sole and universal heir, encouraging him to go on, and mingling some advice to him, to mind the rainy day, and to make hay whilst the sun shone. His father's was as follows;

My very dear Son,

YOUR welcome letter relieved me from the great pain and anxiety I was under, with regard to your health and safety; for your late behaviour to me has particularly impressed such a tenderness towards you upon my mind, as makes me more uneasy, when you are at such an awful distance from me, than ever, I think, I could have

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have been before. Tho' I am certain, before that time, however appearances may condemn me, that no father more affectionately loved a son. I joy in your success, and am in no doubt that providence will bless you in all your undertakings, for that goodness of soul that is so peculiarly your characteristick, and that regard and veneration you have ever shewn your parents; particularly in the last succour you afforded my declining days. *Virgil's hero, who bore with pious care, from Ilium's dreadful scene, his aged father; could not vye with thee,*

IN fond affection to a reverenc'd parent: Tho' I have lately read that passage, of his regard to the decrepid *Anchises*, with more feeling than ever I did before; his address, on the occasion, to the dear companions of his flight, has somewhat peculiarly touching in it.

*Haste, my dear father, 'tis no time to wait,
And load my shoulders with a willing freight:
Whate'er betides, your life shall be my care,
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
My little son, my hand shall lead, whilst you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.*

ALL ages have agreed to give the greatest encomiums to instances of filial piety,
and

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and amongst the heathens it was held in as great, if, alas! not greater account than it is amongst the Christians. But I have no occasion thus to digress to matters, with which you have so intimate an acquaintance.

YOUR mother-in-law departed this life three weeks since; and, I know your temper so well, that I am sure you will not rejoice at it. She, ever since your first knowledge of her, behav'd, as if you had inspired her, in a most unexceptionable and exemplary manner; studied every way to oblige me, and really had gained so much upon me, that I sincerely wept, and regretted her departure. With regard to all other affairs, they are as you left them; I settled with your grandfather's executors, and received 800*l.* and possession of your estate, and now am determined to retire to the *Moat-House*, and endeavour to improve your fortune, and to make my peace with that righteous judge of all the earth, before whom I must shortly appear: But, I hope still to have the comfort of beholding my dear child, that I may bless him before I die. I have experienced the vanity of all mortal enjoyments, sufficiently, and am weaned from the world, having but one person in it, for whom I would wish to live,

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live, and that is yourself. If, my dear son, you should want any sum short of 1600*l*. you may draw upon me for it, whenever you will; and as half the income of the estate will be sufficient for my future support, you may receive the other moiety, or I will put it to proper use for your interest. I wish you could prevail upon yourself to return to *Ireland*, and let us spend our days in a friendly and philosophical way together; you have enough to make your future life happy, even if you should think proper to alter your condition, which I would gladly be a witness to, before I take my last adieu of this world. However, my dearest *Davy*, follow your own inclination; and may the great God of heaven and earth, succeed and bless you in all your transactions. Adieu, my son; let me hear from you as soon as possible again, and as often; and believe me to be,

Your most affectionate and tender father,

RICHARD RANGER.

THIS letter, from his father, melted him into tears, and he really lamented his mother-in-law's death; if not from regard to her, yet because his father was deprived of a helpful companion. He immediately,
then,

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then, sat down to write a letter of condolence to him, and was so tenderly affected, as once to have formed a resolution of returning to live in *Ireland*, and to cherish his father's last hours; but the glaring prospects he had, and the hope of his father's living yet many years, soon called him off from that design. As to money, he desired he would not mention it to him, and did not doubt his care in the management of all the concerns, from which he had any future expectation. He accompanied this letter, and that to his uncle, with genteel presents of the produce of *London*, and when all this was dispatched, began, without embarrassment, to think of the business he had engaged to perform at the theatre.

HE did not think proper to let his noble friends know, for near a week after he began to perform, willing to see what effect his performance would have upon strangers, in the first place; for, notwithstanding the applause and admiration of all the actors, on his rehearsing the first part he ever acted in *England*, and the pleas'd astonishment of the master, he was resolved to discover how an *English* audience would relish him, before he called in his friends for witnesses. But the fame of his action and
utterance,

utterance, that discernment with which he entered into his parts, his very dressing his characters, soon spread thro' the metropolis, and brought such a number of equipages to that end of the town, as had never been seen there before: So that the earl, his son lord *Bertram*, all the branches of that illustrious family, had the pleasure, the first time they beheld him, to find, that his own merit had had such an effect upon the publick, as made their recommendation of him unnecessary. Those noble persons were never, afterwards, a night from that theatre, and were perfectly enchanted with their friend, and talked of him with admiration in all companies. *Clarissa*, *Leonora*, and their mother, were in raptures whenever they mentioned him, and every tea-table in town eccho'd forth his praises: So that, before the conclusion of the season, even the Royal Family had journeyed that way to see him; it was reckoned a want of taste, and a being quite unfashionable, not to have beheld *Ranger* perform; the master of the theatre reaped great profit from his reputation, and he himself had had such a number of magnificent presents bestowed upon him, that he began to think of making a very splendid fortune.

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IN this flux of success, *Ranger's* manner of behaviour gave all the world the most advantageous opinion of him. His modesty was equal to his merit, and the mildness of his temper made all his admirers love him. It was perceivable, by the whole of his conduct, that he was a gentleman, and had received a good education, and he observed such a due decorum towards those great personages that honoured him with their friendship, that he never disgusted them with too much familiarity, or by assuming more to himself than became him; whereas the generality of persons of his profession, being meanly educated, soon disoblige their patrons by too much freedom, and by the arrogance of their exultation. So true it is that little minds cannot bear with moderation their good fortune; but are either raised to an overbearing pride, or sunk to a mean fawning state, both of them degrading and disgraceful to human nature.

THE season being over, after having fixed *Ranger* in the most eminent point of view, in *London*, as a player, he was persuaded by *Bertram* and *Clarissa* to accompany them, for two or three months of the smiling part of the year, to a country retreat they had in the pleasantest part of *Cambridgeshire*, and where they proposed to enjoy

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enjoy his company and conversation with full relish. *Ranger* complied with their request, without hesitation, and accordingly they set out, in the beginning of *June*, for their delightful seat, in the neighbourhood of *Cambridge*.

C H A P. VIII.

Arrive at Lord Bertram's seat.—Manner of spending their time.—Ranger's age, person, and accomplishments.—They return to town.—Removes his lodging.—Sought after at another theatre.—A surprizing discovery.—A tender scene.—Ranger's humanity and friendship.

AT the delightful seat of lord *Bertram*, nothing passed but what contributed to add dignity to human nature ; it was the *feast of Reason* every day ; they conversed upon the noblest topicks, with that freedom of debate, and that candour of mind, that should distinguish the man of sense, and often the flowery subjects of poetry and musick, and the exercise of the latter, step'd in, by way of relief to more crabbed amusements ; and *Clarissa*, in every thing evidently proved, that the female mind is as capable

capable of cultivation and improvement as that of the male gender. Frequently they visited their neighbours of rank and fortune, where *Davy* became the favourite, as he had every where been, and, as frequently, in their tours entered the simple cottages of the poorer sort of the vicinity, and feasted themselves in the contemplation of rural innocence and worth, and often made happy the hearts that laboured under distress and penury. *Clarissa* had a number of these latter acquaintance, who, from her bounty, reaped that ease and comfort that fortune had denied, or providence withheld from their industry and pains: No wonder then, if they were followed, wherever they went, with the blessings and praises of the whole country. My lord and *Ranger* were good fishermen, excellent coursers, special marksmen, and notable hunters, and those sports were frequently chosen, as conducing to vigour of mind and bodily health. And thus the days winged their round, *Ranger* enjoying true felicity in the society of his noble friends, and seeming to have banished all the former regrets of his life, and all the unfortunate issue of his amorous adventures. He had now entered the twenty-fourth year of his age, and the manly robustness, mingled,
now,

now, with the bloom of youth in his person, which was truly amiable, and was the residence of a soul that, in laudable and upright propensities, notwithstanding the few errors of his youth, was equal to that of a saint and an hero. His open sincerity, his regard to truth, his frugality and temperance, were qualities that seemed to indicate length of days, and increase of fame and wealth. His polite accomplishments, his genius, his address, all combined to captivate in his favour those who conversed with him, and he insensibly stole upon every heart. He frequently wrote, during this recess, and as often received answers from his father and uncle, who continued in health, and who seemed to build all their hopes upon him. In his uncle's hands he had 900*l.* and upwards; in his own possession near 500, and old Mr. *Ranger* was daily laying up the greatest part of the income of the *Tulla* estate, with which, and his uncle's fortune, which was great, he might have sat down contented, without aiming at further acquisitions; but *Ranger* was not of a temper to idle away the precious opportunities that youth imparts, of being useful to ourselves and others; he resolved to be an active member of society, and if some little inclination to pelf, to full bags, actuated

ated him, as it was his only perceivable failing, and he had shewn himself in so many instances quite disinterested, I hope, my readers will not remember it to his prejudice. That his present felicity and reputation did not intoxicate him, may be gathered from his constant remembrance of poor *M'Kenzie*, whose tender friendship and good sense, often caused a melancholy reflection, and as often he wished he was in *London* to partake of his good fortune, and that they might tread the stage together; nor could he refrain, now and then, a sigh from escaping him, to the memory of the beautiful, but unhappy lady, *O Hara*, and wishing the amiable fair was incircled in his arms, whom he had so cruelly and so fatally lost, with all her endearments, and all her charms.

THE wintry blasts could alone induce our three friends to quit their agreeable situation in *Cambridgeshire*, for the noise and hurry of town, which began already to be filled, and to call aloud for the diversions, in which *Ranger* made so shining a figure. And now, he could no longer resist the importunity of his noble friend, who insisted he should remove to the gay end of the town, and accept of a superb apartment at his house, nor longer bury himself in the
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purlicus of *Goodman's-Fields*; and he also found it necessary to keep two livery servants, and to set up a chariot, which he filled as if he had never walked on foot. He took leave of his friends, Mr. *Phillips* and his lady, with great regret, after making the family a thorough recompence for their civilities; but yet continued, pursuant to his contract, to perform at the little theatre; tho', about this time, he had very advantageous overtures made him from the patentee of the King's house, who was eager to prop his declining stage with a performer that bid fair to eclipse all those who had preceeded him.

HE was thus situated, when, one fine frosty morning, as he was taking a philosophical walk in *Hyde-Park*, where he used to ruminate over the preceeding events of his life, and his present avocations and friendships, having strayed to a greater distance, towards the *Serpentine-River*, than he apprehended he had, he overheard, to the right, a profound sigh, which proceeded from a person, who, tho' in a shabby dress, bespoke a good mein, and an air of gentility. *Ranger*, who only needed an occasion, and whose bounty and humanity was then always excited, eyed him, for his face was turned from him, with an emotion of tenderness, that is the genuine offspring
of

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of a good heart, and can never be counterfeited. He was fearful to offend, and yet longed to know if he could be of service to a fellow-creature, who seemed oppressed, and sinking under a load of bitter distress. Again, unconscious of being overheard, he sighed, and, crossing his arms over his breast, exclaimed—Gracious heaven! by what have I merited this severe chastisement? But, dare I expostulate? Thy ways are just, Oh! righteous Being! The lips that now tremble for lack of sustenance, the throat that is furred up thro' want of necessary food, shall still to the last praise thy holy name. And, Oh! mercifully relieve me, or take me to thyself, nor suffer the dreadful purposes that gloomily intrude, themselves on my mind, to overpower my reason,—my religion!——for ah! *Thou'st plac'd thy canon 'gainst self-murder!*——The kind, and compassionate *Ranger*, who heard all this distinctly, and whose face was now covered with tears, thought there was somewhat in the stranger's voice that he had a remembrance of; but whilst this thought had arrested in some measure his steps, the afflicted person had reached the edge of the river, and seemed, with longing view, to contemplate in its chrystal bosom, a retreat from all his miseries. *Ranger*, upon cast-

ing up his eyes, and beholding this, doubled his pace, and the sound of his feet; for he was now freed from any precaution, being noted by the ears of the stranger, he turned his head towards him; but without the power of again reverting his sight—whilst *Ranger*, at the same instant, getting a glimpse of his face, was fixed to the spot where he stood, wildly gaping, and in the essay to speak without the power. The scene was touching,—and the latter first recovering, flew to the stranger, crying out, in a perfect extacy—Heavens—are you—are you—my dear, my valued *Mackenzie*? The arms of the other, the only parts that could display his sensibility, were stretched out to receive the expected embrace, when, weak, faint, and quite overcome, his senses forsook him, and he would have fallen, had not the worthy friend caught him in his arms, and, before he recovered, he had an opportunity to contemplate, mournfully, a set of features, that, tho' they bespoke all the ravages of grief and distress, yet were too deeply imprinted upon his memory to be mistaken.—It was indeed no other than the unfortunate captain *Mackenzie*.

As it fortunately happened, *Ranger* had a phial of drops in his pocket, which, after some time brought him to himself; but his

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surprize had had such an effect, in conjunction with his weakness, that his tongue could only utter some inarticulate sounds, tho' his eyes wandered over *Ranger* with an evident wildness of delight. That real friend, reflecting upon his condition, knew that immediate refreshment was necessary, and therefore, after a thousand expressions of joy and gladness, and as many embraces, he endeavoured to support him to *Knights-bridge*, as the place where they could soonest arrive, and, luckily, soon after they encountered a straggling soldier, to whom *Ranger* gave a handsome present for his assistance, and with whose help, more dead than alive, they brought him to the first house of entertainment they could meet with, where *Ranger* ordered some hot wine, mingled with water, and prepared with spice, and some biscuits, which being administered in proper quantities, exhilarated his spirits, and refreshed his stomach, and with a breakfast of chocolate, brought him at length to the use of all those faculties that had seemingly been upon the point of being lost for ever. The first use he made of speech, was to return the *Omnipotent* thanks for all his mercies; and then, turning to his dear *Ranger*, he, in a most affecting manner, displayed his love, his gratitude,

titude, and proved how every tender principle was affected by his goodness. To be reduced, he cried, to the brink of despair!—to have entertained the most horrid designs—to be lost to myself—to all the world!—In that instant—to have, my only—my best, and dearest friend, sent, as it were from heaven, to my relief!—
The thought overpowers me!—and joy and wonder are now as oppressive, as before were want and despair! *Ranger*, throwing his arms about him, desired him to calm his transports; and now, knowing rest was the next thing necessary for his friend, and having, when he first came in, dispatched a messenger for his carriage, he got into it with *M'Kenzie*, and without any ceremony, drove away directly to lord *Bertram's*, and, having there made him partake of a second refreshment, consigned the unhappy man to his own bed, and left him to his repose, with a heart so pleased, so satisfied with the part he had performed, as could never be produced by any sordid gratification. He ruminated then upon all the instances of *M'Kenzie's* love and regard for him, his worth, and the disinterested generosity he had ever observed in him; his learning, his amiable good qualities, and was lost in wonder how he could come to

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be reduced to such a deplorable situation. He longed till the poor gentleman should be well enough recovered, to give a detail of his adventures, and, mean time, dispatched orders to his taylor, peruke-maker, shoe-maker, and other necessary hands, to attend in the evening, to accommodate him from their several stores, determining generously that he would make him easy and happy.

C H A P. IX.

M'Kenzie handsomely equipped.—Further friendship of Ranger.—M'Kenzie relates his story.—The adventures of captain Dennis M'Kenzie.

IN about three hours from this time, *M'Kenzie* rang the bell by his bedside, and *Ranger* being informed he was awake, went into his chamber, and sitting down by his bedside, asked kindly how he had rested, and if was somewhat recovered from his fatigues? Ah! my excellent friend, he replied, your goodness has restored me to life, has preserved a wretched being, that will study every way that gratitude can dictate, to make you amends: Who would, rather

rather than not live within the sphere of your activity, be consign'd to the grave. My dear *Mac*, *Ranger* return'd, I have long sigh'd after your society; have sent many a wish after the enjoyment of such a moment as this; but never thought it could be usher'd in so direfully. But if I can any way secure your residence with me, we will never part: I have money sufficient for both our uses; and, when I reflect, that I was innocently, perhaps, the occasion of all the disasters that have befallen you, by inducing you to quit *Ireland*, I think you have but too just a title to the Use of it. Seeing *M^r Kenzie* manifested a desire to get up, he accommodated him with a night-gown and proper linen, and soon after the artizans, who had been sent for, came and took proper instructions in regard to what they were to make in their several departments; so that before the close of the next day, *M^r Kenzie* was supplied with two genteel suits of clothes, and every thing else befitting a gentleman. *Ranger* next determin'd to bring him acquainted with lord *Bertram*, for which purpose he gave him a proper character to that nobleman and his lady, who receiv'd him with the utmost politeness and regard, and soon conceiv'd a very high opinion of him; and *Ranger* insisted

upon his continuing his stay, and partaking of every convenience he possessed, putting an handsome sum of money into his possession. All this he not only did; but, unknown to *M^r Kenzie*, he applied to the manager of the Theatre Royal, in recommendation of him as an actor; nor without effect; for his own reputation was so well established, that the manager, with a perfect pride and pleasure, entertained him for that very season; nor did he belye his friend's encomiums, but brought several times full houses, and was look'd upon, by the judges of theatrical merit, to be one of the first rate performers. The gentlemen of the army particularly distinguished themselves in his favour, as a brother officer, who had been known to behave well in the service, and he was soon recognized by a numerous acquaintance, with whom he had formerly been conversant. As the first testimony of his gratitude to his benefactor and friend, he offered to repay him the money, and other conveniencies he had had at his hands; but not in such a manner as to seem ashamed of the obligation: No; it was with a modest assurance that he should ever gratefully remember the kindness he had shewn him;—but—he could not brook to withhold from him—what it was now in his power to

to return—and was, consequently, an act of justice to do. My dear *Mac*, *Ranger* reply'd—I will hear of no returns, all that I have is at your service. I am charm'd that it has been in my power to do you any act of kindness and friendship, and must assure you, that you have imparted more solid satisfaction to my mind, by accepting my good offices, than I can express. Had I met a stranger in your distressful situation, I should have thought common humanity had obliged me to relieve him. But the friend of my heart, my worthy *M'Kenzie*, sure merited, and demanded my utmost abilities for his assistance, and so I beg we may never hear a word more upon this head.

THE two friends continued to lodge together, and lord *Bertram*, who was by this time quite taken with his new acquaintance, insisted upon his making one at his table, as often as he thought it convenient. And the earl and lord ——— with Sir *James*, and every one of *Ranger's* friends, often went to hear him perform, and procur'd him, by the end of the season, a most crowded benefit.

ONE day, when *Ranger* and *M'Kenzie* were walking near the spot where he had recovered that friend, and the former had,

with great freedom, related all that had occurred to him since their separation, he said, my dear *M'Kenzie*, it has often puzzled me, to account for your being reduc'd to the dreadful state, which this place makes me shudder with the remembrance of, and I should be oblig'd to you highly for a detail of your adventures, from the period of your embarking for the *West-Indies*, if it will not be too mortifying a task to you to gratify my curiosity. Ah! my dear friend, he reply'd, you ask nothing of me that I shall refuse you; tho' the relation of my story will call to my mind many particulars, that will renew a sorrow, that may have been diverted by time and accident, but has never been overcome: And as I never yet had an opportunity of letting you know the fortunes of a man you have honoured with your friendship and protection, I will begin from my very birth, and communicate to you all the calamitous incidents of my life. I have seem'd to be the sport of the caprice of the blind goddess, in a very remarkable degree. *Ranger* replied, my dear *Mac*, I am sorry I mention'd a task to you, that must be so grievous to you, and beg leave to drop my request. If Fortune has plagu'd you with her wayward tricks, there is a way you have taken to conquer

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conquer her, which is most characteristically expressed by his late Grace of *Buckingham*, with all the looseness and freedom of a noble muse.

Fortune, made up of toys and impudence;
 That common b—b, that has not common sense;
 She, flirting up and down, herself bestows
 On the next met, nor mindeth what she does,
 Or why she frowns or favours, scarcely knows:
 Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,
 But truly smiles on none, but fools and knaves.
 I scorn, by mean obsequiousness to woo her,
 Tho', if she's kind, I'll just be civil to her;
 But, if she offers once to move her wings,
 I'll throw her back, all her vain gew-gaw
 things,
 And, arm'd with virtue, will more firmly stand,
 Than if the b—b, still bow'd at my command:
 I'd marry honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
 Rather than follow such a d—'d blind w—e!

M'Kenzie, notwithstanding what his friend said, persisted in relating his mishaps, telling him the pain he should endure in the relation, would be but a counterbalance to that he had given his *Ranger*, when he met him in so distressful a plight in *Hyde-Park*. They determin'd then, to return privately to their apartments, that they might avoid

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any interruption, in the succeeding narration, which *Ranger* could not help being very eager to hear; but, at their entrance, accidentally met with lord *Bertram*, which seeming somewhat to disconcert *Ranger* in his intended scheme of privacy. *McKenzie*, genteelly accosted his lordship, by saying, My Lord, your goodness to me, and that of your excellent Lady, since I have had the honour of an entertainment under your roof, has made so deep an impression upon my mind, as no time nor accident can ever efface. My worthy friend, and other patron, has desired a recapitulation of my adventures, which I was just going to give him, and now, meeting your lordship, I think it my duty to offer you the same satisfaction; and therefore, if a melancholy story can, for an hour, arrest your attention, and that of your lady, from more important affairs, I should rejoice in the opportunity of making you the depositaries of the secrets of a life, to the future services and *devoirs* of which, you have so undoubted a title. *Bertram*, who as well as his lady, had greatly whetted his curiosity with the inclination, of some time or other hearing the particulars of a life, that seem'd to have been strangely checquer'd with prosperity and adversity, with great good nature accepted

cepted of his offer, and *Ranger* testify'd, by a look and a friendly squeeze, how much his unexpected gentility had affected him; but, as it would not be long before dinner would be serv'd up (for *Bertram* din'd rather sooner than the generality of his rank, and was as unfashionable in rising early and going to bed soon) that nobleman propos'd to defer it till afterwards, and they diverted themselves with back-gammon till that repast was ready. When he had inform'd his *Clarissa* of the promised entertainment, they were to have after dinner, she was charm'd with the pleasing expectation. After they had withdrawn from table, into a proper apartment, and orders had been given to deny the whole select little company, to any impertinent intruders, whilst they were all wrapp'd in attention, the captain thus began his narration.

THE singularity of my fate, has often filled me with the utmost surprize, when I have reflected over the events of my life. I scarce remember, thro' the whole compass of it, an incident that could be said to convey true happiness to my mind, unallayed with disquiets and regrets that have taken from me all sense of pleasure. And yet, tho' my imprudences have been many and great, I cannot, I bless my Redeemer, charge

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charge myself with harbouring any bad or destructive principles, or of living a notoriously bad life. Human nature is frail, and few of us but are guilty of some foibles and weaknesses, which seem necessarily to flow from our make and situation.

I DREW my first breath, my excellent friends, in the county of *Kildare*, in the kingdom of *Ireland*, where my father possessed an estate of 1100*l. per annum*; but soon after I saw the light, I think within six months, he removed with his whole family into *England*, and seated himself in the county of *Surry*, having had an addition of 800*l. per annum* to his fortune in that county, on condition of residing upon the spot, which was bequeathed to him by a brother of his lady, who had deceased unmarried, soon after his arrival from the *East-Indies* and the purchase of it. If any man had reason to think himself happy, my poor infatuated father had. My mother was not only reckoned a perfect beauty, but her temper and disposition was truly amiable. She was almost constantly busied in endeavours to soothe his moments, with the soft blandishments of love and friendship, in attending and instructing her children, of whom I was the third, all of the same gender, and in the care of her family ;

mily ; but tho' my father lov'd her to distraction, she never had it in her power, but by fits and starts, to wean him from a fatal passion, that of gaming; which had taken sole possession almost of all his soul, and which frequently reduc'd him to great dilemmas. He carried this cursed itch of play to such an height, that, when I was about ten years of age, it had broke the heart of the best woman breathing, and left to the care of strangers three motherless children, who could have little dependance upon the attention of a father of such a disposition, who had already sold his *Irish* estate, and dip'd that on which he liv'd so much, that his remaining income was scarce more than 300*l.* a year, when my mother died. Young as I was, I remember the agonies, the despair, her death occasion'd him.—He knelt by her bedside, which we surrounded, uttering doleful cries—kiss'd her cold hand—call'd himself her murderer, and could scarce be prevented from falling upon his sword, and, for a long time, was actuated with a kind of frenzy, that made it terrible for us to approach him : So that we fell into the hands of the servants, of whose usage we could not give many encomiums, and we sadly found what it was to want a mother, who had ever used us
with

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with the greatest fondness and tenderness. In about a year after this sad accident, my father, whose disposition was naturally kind and good, came in some measure to himself, tho' his grief had reduced him so low, as to render his continuance in life very uncertain. He now took us under his own care, from the ills we had impatiently endured, and endeavoured to make us amends for the loss of our mother, which had entirely taken him from the gaming-table, and every thing else which she had condemn'd: My eldest brother was 15, the second 13, and I was now 11, and we were allowed to be towardly hopeful lads, having had, hitherto, nothing spared that could contribute to fit us for genteel life; but, in some time after, my eldest brother deceased, which contributed to hasten the decease of our poor father. He had no relations of any account, either in *England* or *Ireland* remaining, and as, for a long time, he had now liv'd retir'd, had few friendships or connexions, and those he had contracted before my mother's death, were such as reason had since made him quite ashamed of. In the distress he was, as to the troubles and difficulties he should leave his family involved in, he cast his eyes upon a clergyman, who resided but a few miles from us,
and

and who was incumbent of our parish, whose name was *Duckett*, for advice, and determined to make him his executor. His whole estate was now reduced to 250 pounds *per annum*, which had obliged him to lay down his equipage, and to retrench in the number of his servants, and the expences of house-keeping; and he contemplated with horror, the leaving his sons involv'd in difficulties, with an ill-tempered mortgagee, who was endeavouring, he perceived, to grasp at the residue of the estate, over which he cast a ravenous look, like an eagle who was hovering over his prey. He had no hopes, in his life, to redeem himself from his hands, and as little imagined it would be in our power to do it; and therefore, pursuant to the advice of Mr. *Duckett*, he closed with a proposal made to him, and upon the receipt of 6500 pounds made over the premises to the mortgagee: He did not long survive this act, which was no doubt a very prudent one; for ten days after he took to his bed, and never more left it. The morning he died, he turned himself to us, as we stood weeping by his bed-side, and said, with a faint and feeble voice, My dear children!—you are going to lose your father,—but indeed you have before sustained a more grievous loss in your mother's death

death—that could never be made up to us! I wish you had had a better, or rather a more prudent father. However, I charge you, as you value your mother's, as you value my memory, to love one another, and to follow the wise directions and example of that good man: (Meaning Mr. Duckett, who stood on the other side the bed) I have left you sufficient to secure your future happiness, if you are virtuous, and, if you should tread in the paths of folly, too much. Oh! my children, 'tis the thoughts of leaving you, that have detain'd me so long from my dear wife, from the haven of rest!—Come, let me embrace you both—don't grieve yourselves, I charge you:—Remember your parents with reverence, but let not your sorrow for their loss dwell too much upon your minds, so as to hurt your healths.—Adieu, my dears!—straining us between his feeble arms—once more adieu! At these words his voice fail'd, and, whilst yet his arms surrounded us, he breath'd his last!—Forgive these tears, my lord—the impression the deaths of my parents made upon me at the times of their departure, even still calls up tears to my eyes, and can never be forgotten. Judge our situation—we were sensible, in losing our father, we had

had lost the only friend, we yet knew of, and we lamented aloud his loss. Mr. *Duckett* mildly endeavoured to persuade us to calmness, and, in this first instance of his authority over us, secured our good opinion. For, two or three busy persons, who were in the room, not at all affected, but tir'd with our moving complaints, having hinted it was proper for us immediately to quit the room, and endeavoured to force us out; that gentleman said, pray use no such behaviour to these young gentlemen, and, kissing us, continued, be persuaded, my loves, to go to my house: Mrs. *Duckett* has prepared for your reception, and will endeavour to supply your mamma's place, and you shall always find in me a father, and protector. I wait here for the lawyer, and shall not quit the house till my late worthy friend is interr'd, or I would go with you; but it is necessary to take an inventory of the effects, before I depart, for your interests. The mildness, the goodness of this address, fill'd us with love and affection, and we directly obey'd his directions, and, taking his hand, kiss'd it fervently, in the most artless and unstudied manner. We were received at the parsonage-house, by Mrs. *Duckett*, in a way that still more contributed to ease our hearts.

She

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she wept, the minute she saw us, and cry'd—Ah! my dear beautiful boys—what a sad loss you have had!—we shall never be able to make it up to you, I fear—but I'll endeavour to make you forget some part of it. She then, most tenderly attended, and made us eat, and in so pretty, so engaging a way reason'd with us, that, in mere regard to her, we laid aside our fears and our sighs. We lay that night in the best room of the house, and the good clergyman and his wife, contrived, by every way, to wipe away the sense of our great loss by their perpetual flow of mild and ready kindness. My father left this worthy divine sole executor, and his whole fortune, which was 9000*l.* equally between us, with remainder to the longest liver. By the sale of the household-furniture, and other matters belonging to the seat, funeral-expences, debts and charges were all defrayed, so that the above sum was clearly in Mr. *Duckett's* hands for our use, after he had paid himself a legacy of 500*l.* which my father left him, on account of his friendship for him. There was a strain of such disinterested generosity in Mr. *Duckett's* manner of transacting these affairs, as is very uncommonly seen. All the wearables of our father and mother, their rings and jewels, which were in no great

great quantity however, and such other matters as he thought would be valued in future time by me and my brother, he purchased out of his own pocket, and set them apart for our use. When things were quite settled, and he had time to discover our different dispositions, he himself undertook the care of our education; and, as he was truly a learned and able instructor, we had great reason to bless the hour that threw us into his hands; for his care of us was second to nothing, but that of an own parent who possess'd the same abilities; and, under his tuition we made a progress, that I should not mention, but to do honour to our excellent and disinterested benefactor. He had discovered, that my brother, by his mild and even temper, would be an ornament to the priesthood; and that, by my more hot and fiery disposition, I should be a proper subject for the army. Tho' our studies were so different, he wanted no assistance in the charge of our instruction: He taught me mathematics, and the elements of fortification and gunnery, at the same time that he read metaphysics, and humanity lectures to his other pupil, attended with lessons in the languages to both of us. He knew no pleasure but in our proficiency, and that became his principal

cipal pride ; and as we were grateful and affectionate in our returns, for our natures were generous and compliable, the worthy pair seemed to regard us as their own children. Thus we continued, innocently happy, till my brother was thought of age sufficient to go to the university, where, in less than two years, the dear youth, then the wonder of that whole seminary, for his learning and good sense, breathed his last, from the effects of a most dreadful, malignant fever. I was afflicted so much at this dispensation, felt it so severely, that I fell sick upon it ; and my guardian and his lady, who were little less grieved, were for a considerable time in pain for my life. However, I overcame this third terrible blow, which the consideration of the increase of my fortune by no means alleviated. I was now in my 19th year, and Mr. *Duckett* thought fit I should also spend some time at *Oxford*, where, I flatter myself, I made some improvement of my time, and at the expiration of three years returned home, as my good guardian was pleased to say, just as he would wish me to be. And now he consulted with me as to my future way of life, and had the pleasure to find he had not mistaken the bent of my disposition, and that I preferred a military capacity

city to any other. Convinced of this, he purchased for me an ensign's commission in an old corps, telling me, I ought to rise by proper gradations, by which I should learn every part of my duty; and that, if I aim'd, at first setting out, to possess a higher post, without knowing the duty of it, I should be despised, and enviously ill treated by all my brother officers. He, about the same time, as I was of age, offered to surrender up my fortune to my own management; but, with tears in my eyes, I told him he had been too kind to me to think of taking it out of his hands, and that I was sure I could not be a better steward for myself, than he would prove, and desired he would still continue in the possession of it, with an unlimited licence to make what use of it he thought proper, for my advantage. It was about this time that the fatal *South-Sea* madness rag'd at its greatest height, and Mr. *Duckett*, I really believe, consulting nothing but my interest, was induced to venture near 6000*l.* of mine, and 1000 pounds of his own, in that bubble, not, however, without my consent and privity: But the golden dream we had flatter'd ourselves in, soon vanish'd, and we were made, amongst so many others, the dupes of that infernal contrivance, and of
our

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our own covetousness. Mr. Duckett was philosopher enough to bear his own misfortune like a man; but he could not think of that his advice had occasioned me, without the most painful regret, which brought on a fit of illness, that, having its seat in the mind, could not be cur'd by medicine. I was at quarters in *Hampshire*, when this happened, had compos'd myself to bear my loss with great patience, and had even wrote several letters to console him, with a desire to him, not to be uneasy, as it was as much of my seeking as of his own. One morning, I receiv'd the following alarming letter.

My dear DENNIS,

HASTE to——, if you desire once more to see your poor friend, before he departs this life.—Alas! he has broke his heart.

Your affectionate and tender friend,

SUSANNA DUCKETT.

NEVER was surprize like mine; I lov'd him dearly, and tenderly, and set out, post, directly for the melancholy spot, where I had erst enjoyed so much happiness, and found him just ready to expire; tho' he still had

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had the use of his voice, and the excellent woman dissolved in unutterable sorrow. Oh! my dear Sir, I cry'd, flinging myself on my knees beside him, and taking his clammy hand in mine, am I ever doom'd to misfortunes, and to lose my dearest and best friends! Strive, my dear Sir, to live, and let me have it in my power to shew my gratitude for all your wondrous goodness.—The tears stopt my voice, and with a tone and an accent that I shall ever remember, he thus answered me; Oh! my child—I die a martyr to my eagerness after improving our fortunes—to the loss of your's! how have I answered the expectation of your good and kind father, in taking care of your interest! Alas! I have ruin'd you! No, Sir, I resum'd, we have enough left to make us happy, and pray be so firm as to overcome an unforeseen misfortune, which human prudence could not prevent! I desire nothing but your life, without which my own will be a burden. I never once indulg'd a murmur or complaint upon the occasion—and why should you? You, who have such abundant resources from reason, from religion, to look upon all the vanities of life with a disgustful eye. Live, Sir, for that excellent woman, for me, and banish all uneasy thoughts from your breast.
—If

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—If we lose you, we shall be poor indeed! Generous youth, he return'd, I feel it is now too late to profit by your goodness—I know my frailty, and see my error—but the springs of life have nearly lost their motion, and I shall soon be consign'd to my parent dust:—But preserve, if you can without resentment, the memory of a man, who knew no higher felicity than in being serviceable to you—and, but I know I need not ask it—be a comforter and a friend to my poor wife, to whom I know my loss will be heavy. And, oh! my son! continue to tread in the paths of virtue and honour, which will ensure your earthly happiness, and a crown of glory hereafter, that shall never fade away! I die easy in your forgiveness!—*O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! The sting of death is sin; but the gift of God is eternal life, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord!*—Here, being overcome, he fainted, and, in less than an hour afterwards, gave up the ghost in our arms. Mrs. Duckett was so tenderly affected, that I was oblig'd to constrain my own grief to moderate hers; but it was a long time before all the christian arguments I could use, were sufficient to reconcile her to this dreadful stroke. We buried him, in his own church, with all the honours that affection-

ate

ate love could pay to his memory ; and finding he had left his widow but a scanty provision, I made over the remains of my fortune, now reduced to 2000*l.* to her use for her life, determin'd to live upon the fallary of my commission : But she did not enjoy this act of kindness long ; for in less than half a year she followed her excellent husband, and I buried her in the same grave—for *they were lovely and pleasant in their lives—and in death they were not divided !*

I WAS now a perfect wanderer in the earth:—I had neither relation nor friend left, nor any connexions that bound my mind ; but the duty I owed to myself, to my king and country, and, young as I was, was weaned from the world, by the repeated instances I had had before my eyes of the nothingness of all worldly enjoyments, and in this state of mind I return'd to my duty as an ensign, with about two thousand pounds in my possession. Our regiment, in which my behaviour and good offices had made me lov'd and respected, was soon after mov'd to *Lincolnshire*, and I took up my quarters at a village call'd *Keil*, near *Spilsby*, in a private family, the head of which was a considerable farmer and grazier, who had a most amiable wife, and two

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lovely daughters, the eldest of which was nearly of my own age and disposition. This lovely maid sooth'd my mournful heart with the beauty of her sentiments, and the melody of her voice, and I, who had hitherto been a stranger, nay a rebel to the fair, was soon a slave to her uncommon perfections. The father of my fair one, who was very rich, was, strange contrast! quite the reverse of his amiable family, and had more of the brute about him, than the cattle he dealt in. The accomplishments of his daughters had been solely owing to the prudence and good sense of the mother, who was of a good family, and had received an education that would have fitted her for the genteelest situation in life, but had been sacrificed by the avarice of her parents. However, I was a favourite, at this time, even with her husband, as my behaviour was open, free, and generous, and as I continued to display, under my military garb, all the gentle qualities that could make a man agreeable to the sons of peace. In short, I was so full of the charms of my lovely *Marianne*, that I even attempted her praise in poetical strain, and every hill and grove around witnessed, and echo repeated my amorous tale. Nor was my fair insensible of my passion; but was inspir'd with

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a mutual flame, and her mother and sister were both of them my confirm'd friends. But as to the father, tho' immensely rich, he look'd upon daughters as the plunderers of his estate; and enemies, that were sure to rob him of part of that fortune, which he thought better vested in his own dear self, and was resolved, the man that married either, should be forced to do it clandestinely, that he might thereby have an excuse for a quarrel, and the non-payment of a fortune, and yet save his own reputation. This was a scheme, that one would scarcely believe it possible a father should be capable of; but he actually was; and therefore when, after having obtain'd his wife's and daughter's consent, I propos'd the matter to him, and offered to settle the fortune he gave her upon herself; he made me this reply (tho', I knew he only lik'd me better than any man in *England*.) Look-ye, captain, you must not take it amiss, but I had always an aversion to you military men; that is, to contracting any alliance with them; which, I suppose, must originally arise from my hatred to standing armies, in time of peace; one blessed fruit of the boasted revolution. Zaunds! what an odd figure a great fellow is at country quarters, strutting about, and nothing to

do—indeed he may be said to be of equal importance with my dog *Walt*, and a guard against thieves ; but, in place of that, they are generally endeavouring to debauch our wives and daughters, and otherwise to injure those to whom they are servants. Besides, what's your three and six-pence a-day, Zaunds, it won't keep a woman in tea, and a man in claret.—No, no, you shall have none of my consent, I promise you, unless you'll lay by that sword, and that fool's coat, and take some good farm, and begin to work for your livelihood—why, then I'll stock it for you, and toss you in some other conveniencies. You see I talk like a friend, plainly ; and, I hope, you won't take it amiss ; but, positively, you shan't have my consent upon any other conditions : However, don't make a quarrel of it—I can trust your honour, and my daughter's virtue, and I wish I could, consistently with reason, give my licence to your being united. Zaunds, man, my daughter has never been used to live upon airy diet, and would ill exchange the solid comforts of my table for the empty title of the *Captain's Lady*, and such thin fare as three shillings and six-pence a-day would afford her ! Here he ceas'd, whilst I was actuated by different sentiments. The odd drollery of his har-
ranguc

range made me smile, tho' I could scarce refrain from shewing some resentment at his manner of treating of me; but when I ponder'd a moment—I could gather, that his intent was either to exasperate me, and make me leave his house, and quarrel with him, or, seeing the impossibility of gaining his consent, to induce me to marry without it; in either of which cases his sordid purposes would be answered. I made him, then, little reply, for my indignation at his base and mean principles, would have prevented my doing it with proper decorum, and I was not willing to leave him any excuse for what might follow. *Marianne* was waiting in her mother's chamber, with that amiable woman, for my return, full of fear, and full of expectation. The dear maid saw, thro' the disguise of gaiety I put on, that I was chagrin'd, and, kindly looking at me, drop'd a tear. Alarm'd, I cry'd, what means my angel?—we shall soon be happy!—I want no addition to my little fortune; but leave that to Providence, which generally rewards a mutual fidelity and affection with encreasing happiness: Then, kissing her mother's hand, I continu'd, my dear mother, so I hope I shall soon call you—I perceive your spouse is mean enough, pardon the expression, to desire I would

take that lovely maid, against his consent, which he has absolutely refused to me as a soldier, without considering that the profession of a man is the last thing to be consulted, in such an affair, if his uprightness, honour, sincerity and the other virtues of his mind, make him an eligible son-in-law. Now, I more than regret, I mourn the privation of the greatest part of my fortune, which, you have heard me say, I was unfortunately deprived of, and which will make it convenient, as it is my ambition, to pursue my interest in the army; but I have, what would be call'd here, no despicable fortune still, were I in a way of improving it. Let me then, privately marry this lady, without the enjoyment of whose personal and mental charms, without whose happiness I cannot endure life, and leave the issue to Providence. I have a scheme to try him however, to try if he is sincere: He says, if I'll fling off this fool's coat, as he calls it, and you may guess the rude language I have suffered, and take a farm, he'll stock it, and do handsomely for us. Now, I'll look out for one, appear in colour'd clothes, and get my colonel to aid the innocent deceit, if you will also do it, by saying, I have sold out of the regiment; but I will not really do it, as I am sure, from what I observe,
he

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he will find some method, even then, to evade his promise in our favour. The gentle lady was inexpressibly concerned at what she heard, and my *Marianne* wept; but at length both consented to my proposal, and therefore I rode over to my good colonel, who lov'd me, and inform'd him of the story, and the rest of my brethren in those parts, who were publickly to give it out that I had sold out of the corps, and had an intention to turn farmer. When I came home, I found my worthy mother had been at high words with her husband about his vile temper, and refusal to consent to his daughter's happiness, and was retir'd, ill-us'd and affronted, to her chamber. However, I took no notice; but at supper told him, he had made a convert of me; that I had sold my commission, desired his assistance and instruction, and that he would look out for such a farm, as he thought I could manage with my fortune, to which he was no stranger. He turn'd pale at what I said, and could not conceal his disappointment; but however, putting the best face upon the matter, commended my resolution, and told me, he would do all in his power to serve me; adding, he had now no objection to me as a son-in-law. We were all witness to what he said: But,

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in the morning, his tone was chang'd, and at breakfast he thus address'd me ;—Why, captain, I have been considering, that to wash the blackmoor white is no easy task ; that it is difficult to overcome the prejudices of education, and still more what is agreeable to a man's temper and disposition. You'll not take it amiss ; but, upon revolving all this, I cannot think you will ever do much at a laborious country occupation. How the devil can a man that has lived all his life, and been pampered up in scarlet, glean a field, or thrash a floor ? How can those hands that have handled the sword and partizan, exercise the dung-fork and spade ; or that can so genteelly hand a dish of tea to a lady, carry wash to the hogs, or descend to other more dirty offices ? And, let me tell you, the master's eye and hand must be employed, with us, and he must not trust to deputies. I say, upon these considerations, captain, I still, positively, think my daughter's marriage with you impossible, and can never give my consent to it. Don't think it amiss, I tell you my mind, that you may not blame me hereafter, when you may both be tugging at the matrimonial chain with poverty and distress ; for if she ever marries without my consent, I'll never give her one farthing,
not

nor see her more.—You may depend upon it, we were thunderstruck with this declaration, tho' it was little more than I had expected of a man who had never liv'd for any body but himself, and look'd upon his wife and children as his goods and chattles, upon the same level with his horses and oxen. Poor *Marianne* was inconsolable, and her dear mother so much disturb'd, that she was taken ill upon it; but her persuasions, the tears of his daughters, the force of my own rhetoric, all had no manner of effect upon a heart that was steel'd against every soft and humane principle, and who laugh'd at the very name of the tender passions. Own to me, says the droll savage one day, own to me, captain, with your usual candour, that I am very unhappy. Nature has form'd me, like one of the first sons of the earth, rugged, hardy and laborious, full of native honour and sincerity, and not apt to be melted to any of the idle refinements of the age I live in: And fortune has given me the discomfort of a wife and daughters, that put on as many airs as women of quality can for their lives. Why, now, I see the issue of my denying my consent to make you miserable.—Madam has been dunning in my ears honour, virtue, generosity, mutual love, and abundance of such

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fine phrases, which, I'm sure, can have very little use or meaning in life, or else I should have understood them. Zaunds! man, I know nothing but the secret of improving my stock, and that I know as well as any man in this county, let the other be where he will; and when I'm dead, why then, let my children, and those that belong to me, sweep *Broom-Field*. Zaunds! I began the world with a trifle, and have hurry'd and scurry'd to make myself a sponfible man, and let my folks do the same: People that come by money without knowing the pains of acquiring it, seldom or ever know how either to use it, or keep it. Thus he run on, and I shall not trouble you with my answers to this, and other like discourfes, since you may easily know the purport of them. Truth is, he had no bowels, and if he desir'd his childrens welfare, it was more from vanity than from affection; for I was sensible he was proud of my attachment to his daughter, and often crack'd of it when in company with his neighbours, and in his cups; but as to parting with money, I perceived, he was never to be work'd upon to do it. The amiable *Marianne*, whose soul was of the most noble and delicate cast, was a long time before she could be persuaded to consent to give a beggar, as she call'd herself,

herself, to my arms ; but, at length, yielded to my reasons, and my pressing entreaties, and her mother and sister, accompanying us to *Boston*, we were united in wedlock, and I receiv'd a treasure, that was more valuable to me than all the riches of the east. We staid, all by the old man's consent, and privacy too, three days at *Boston*, at a relation's, who was also quite proud of my alliance, and then return'd home. We had determined to keep nothing secret, as we had nothing to fear, or expect, and as I intended to let my new father know that I declin'd all thoughts of a present portion ; but it is impossible to express the rage the old fox put on upon the occasion. Zaunds ! he cried, you shall now both turn out of my house.—I'll never see, or speak to you again—just at a time too, when I had almost brought myself to approve of the match.—G—d d—n it—just then to fly in the face of all duty and fatherly authority.—I'll never forgive it !—He would have struck his wife, and really did strike his other daughter—and left us with an absolute command that day to quit his territories. Neither myself, nor my *Marianne* were much affected with this ; for we could plainly perceive, that all the rage he displayed, was only put on to save appearances ; that he might save

his own reputation, and, under the shew of punishing our disobedience, save his money: Accordingly then we retreated to *Spilsby*, to the house of another relation of my wife's family, who loved me, after taking a most tender adieu of my mother and sister; the former of whom loaded our coach with presents of every thing she thought her daughter would stand in need of, and would likewise force her to accept of thirty guineas, which she had by her, unknown to the hound, her husband. He had journey'd away to *Spalding*, swearing he would not enter the doors till we had disappeared; but had given orders to let the wench, as he call'd Mrs. *M'Kenzie*, have every rag that belong'd to her when she went away; nor did he lay any commands upon her, or her daughter, not to have any communication with us.

Thus a young couple launched into the world, quite unexperienc'd in the ways of life, with a reasonable sum of money, and a large stock of honour, generosity and goodness of heart, and other such qualities, which are not very marketable in the present disposition of worldly affairs. Every hour I possessed the charmer of my heart, fresh graces, new embellishments, added truth and prudence, attracted my love and
venc-

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veneration, and I may venture to say, that few of her sex ever possessed more and greater perfections. Warm'd with the felicity I enjoy'd, I spar'd no expence to display my satisfaction, and, for the six months that I afterwards staid in *Lincolnshire*, we were the gayest couple in the county, belov'd by every one, and applauded in all our actions. One beautiful boy had crown'd our loves, and I thought myself at the summit of human felicity, never once being absent from my lovely family, but when my duty required me. Our father, such an oddity he was, heard and spoke with pleasure of us; but would never come near us, tho' at the same time, if any one said an ill-natur'd thing of us, but himself, he was sure to discard them his favour for ever. Our dear mother, and my sister were perpetually with us, without any resentment on that account from him. At the end of these six months, our colonel, who was my fast friend, was removed to another regiment, in which his interest procur'd me a lieutenancy, and we set out for *London* together, after taking leave, in the tenderest manner, of all our friends, and my worthy brethren of the corps, to whom my house had always been open. It was on this occasion that I essay'd to get an opportunity
to

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to take leave of this strange piece of paternal stuff; but in vain. He would not depart from his affected anger, tho' he sent us word that he wish'd us well, and that, if we continued to behave as we ought to do, he would consider us as his children at his death. We arriv'd in the metropolis, and after shewing myself to the corps, which was quarter'd not far from *London*, took a genteel house at the court end of the town, and soon acquir'd a polite set of acquaintance. The way of life we liv'd, full of the hurry and dissipation of the gaiety and futility of fashionable life, was what we both, notwithstanding, had a natural aversion to. My wife was of a serious, melancholy cast of mind, and I was attach'd to contemplation, study and books, and consequently we were only putting a force upon our inclinations. Beside, our fortune was upon the decay; for my pay was insufficient to supply the many calls I created for money; but as I had now contracted some friendships with persons of interest in the government, who daily visited us, I did not doubt of good preferment in the army, to which my way of living, I thought, could not fail to contribute. Indeed, I had many wise lectures from the dear partner of my bosom upon this head; she had more
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penetration than I had, and could see thro' the fallacy of the many professions that were made us, and used all the arguments, in the power of so much mildness to use, to display to me the folly of expectation and dependence ; when, had we liv'd in a more retir'd and happy manner, we should have no occasion to rely upon them. But I was infatuated with the false pursuits I had embark'd in, and as I was proud of her, could not think of sequestering those beauties and those charms in the shade, which I thought ought to shine forth, and be the admiration of all the world. In a twelvemonth after our removal, we had the grievous news of the death of our mother, who had been always sending us some kind token of her remembrance, and soon after of that of my sister-in-law, who had actually been murder'd by the obdurateness of her father, who had play'd the same game he did with her sister, tho' she had not found so faithful and disinterested a swain as she had. Words are too faint to express our sorrow upon this occasion, we sincerely lamented them ; tho' I was forced to put on all the unconcern I possibly could, and to divert my wife by every amusement I could devise, to keep her from dwelling too much upon so great a loss ; by which, tho' an
only

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only child, she could not be benefited, as we imagin'd a second wife would soon be sought after, who would, as usual, obliterate from her father's breast all remains of his affection for the offspring of the first. And so indeed it proved ; for the next news we received was, that he had married a widow in the neighbourhood; whose temper, we knew, was full as brutish and sordid as his own. We were now, then, secluded, as it were, from all family connexions, and it doubled our love and tenderness for each other, and for our children, of whom two out of three remained to us, who inherited, in their persons and tempers, the attractions, and the mild and generous dispositions of their parents. I was by this time reduced to my last 500*l.* but I was not in debt, tho' my expectations of preferment had proved abortive, when our regiment was removed to the county of *Kent*, which afforded us what we had long sought for, an opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, our splendid way of life, and the anxious moments we sometimes felt when we look'd into further occurrences, that might else have been expected to have followed. We left town, then, with the applauses, and the good wishes of all our acquaintance, determin'd to confine ourselves, for the future, to still
and

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and calm life, to live only for each other's happiness, and to keep within the bounds of our little finances; and in this temper went to lodge at a delightful country villa, and with an agreeable family, near *Canterbury*, seeming to have now before us all the delights that the poets have sung in their rural and amorous descriptions. The first shock our scheme of happiness sustained, was the loss of our eldest son, who died of the small pox; a child, who, by his endearing temper and ready proficiency in every thing he was put to learn, had made himself extremely valuable to us, and his loss embittered many a succeeding moment of our days. But what made it still more touching to me was, that my dear and excellent *Marianne* so por'd over her great and irreparable misfortune, that it had a very visible ill effect upon her health, which drove me almost to despair and distraction; yet I strove to conceal my disturbance from her, fearful of increasing her sorrow, tho' often the starting tear would stand in my eye when I look'd at the lovely features, and beheld the ravages that wasting grief had made. I devised all means in the world to soothe and divert her mind, made frequent journies of pleasure, and was never a moment from her company; but, alas! 'twas all in vain; she
was

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was hurrying, by a slow and fatal decay, to her kindred skies. What doubled my torture was, to behold the efforts my charmer made to put on an air of gaiety and pleasantry, merely from her regard to me, when I was sensible it gave her the utmost disgust and pain. To conclude this most dreadful part of my story, she, at length, notwithstanding all my pains and sollicitudes, fell sick, and in a few days, tho' in the use of all her senses, she was given over by the physicians. In vain did all our new friends, in vain a clergyman, with whom we had contracted an acquaintance, endeavour to reason me into a resignation upon this awful, this trying occasion. About to lose the only felicity I ever enjoyed, and to lose it for ever!—Incessant tears, heart-rending sighs, doleful complaints, were my food from morn 'till even; and, to add to my sorrow, I had every moment in my arms, a son, who, by each look and word, declar'd he was but too sensible of his approaching misfortune. It was under this anxiety that, one evening, and the last of her valuable life, as I was sitting with her feeble hand in mine, for I never stirr'd from her bedside, summoning up all her spirits, the angelic creature thus addressed me, in accents that even now continue to sound in my ears.

Ah!

Ah! my dear husband, I fear to tell you—yet must—that a few hours will separate me from you for ever!—’Tis not the loss of any thing this world can afford, beside, that can make me regret to leave it. But, oh! the thought of being deprived of thy dear society, notwithstanding all my faith and confidence in the promises of my blessed Redeemer is dreadful!—is hardly to be borne!—Oh! my love, how happy have I ever found myself in your affection and unremitted tenderness! What acknowledgments I ought to make you for the constant regard you have shewn to my ease and satisfaction, and I trust that heaven will bless such worth, such honour, such spotless truth!—Oh! my *McKenzie*, I leave you a sacred deposit—that dear boy—the image of yourself, and remember he calls upon you to join a mother’s tenderness to a father’s cares. Do not forget your dying *Marianne*, who lov’d you with unaffected truth and sincerity—who took no joy but in your happiness—and who, to the last gaze of her darkening eye, to the last inspiration of her parting breath, the last motion of her faltering tongue, will have your image before her, and your dear name on her lips. I should depart more compos’d and calmly, however, into the arms of our merciful Creator, where

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where I make not the least doubt that we shall finally rejoice together, if I were to see you endeavour at the support of your spirits—and yet, I do not know how to speak that peace to you, which, tho' I want it so much more myself, I cannot acquire on this side eternity. Here, her strength being wasted, she ceased, and I, having the dreadful idea before me of her being gone for ever, flung myself beside her, crying, My dear wife! my lovely *Marianne*! why do I sustain this wretched being, which was only valuable for your sake! Oh! righteous and merciful heaven! permit our souls to fleet together from these regions of mortal sorrow!—My cries once more unclos'd those dear eyes—she fix'd them tenderly upon me, and, with her remaining strength, flung her arm round my neck, and gently sighing expir'd.—Gracious God! what was my situation!—regardless, for indeed I was incapable of regarding aught, of her last exhortations, I rav'd, swoon'd upon her corpse, and committed all the acts despair and frenzy could suggest, and with the utmost difficulty was, at length, forced from the mournful spot, and from the dismal chamber, where lay the inanimate remains of all I held so dear.—Excuse these tears, my lord, to the memory of one of the

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the most amiable creatures that ever existed in human semblance!—They will ever recur to my eyes whenever I mention her—and they are a tribute of gratitude to her dear memory, which will dwell with me 'till death obliterates all the traces of thought. *Ranger*, and his noble host and hostess, join'd his tears, at this moving part of his narration, and when he had given some scope to them, he dry'd his eyes, and proceeded. Thus then I lost this worthy creature, and began to think myself quite destitute of the favour of heaven. We had lov'd each other with unremitted fondness—Our tempers, our minds, nay, in some sense, our persons were similar, and not a cloud had ever overshadowed our enjoyment of each other. Reason, in some time, however, began to resume her reign, and the care of my dear boy, who was more affected than could be imagined of one of his tender age, and the commands of my *Marianne*, contributed greatly to reconcile me to life,—I should say, to living; for my life has ever since been barely breathing, and a kind of vegetable existence. I had lost all that wak'd my soul to ambition, all that ever excited me to consult interest. Even honour and reputation ceas'd to have such brilliant charms as erst captivated my breast.

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In my *Marianne*, all that inspir'd me was buried—and the world became to me a perfect desert! But,

Yet I behold her—yet——

Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought,

So shall you still behold her!——

Thus the mind, whose undetermin'd view

Revolves, and to the present adds the past.

I remembered to have heard the much-lov'd woman say, that she should like to be buried near her mother, in the chancel of the church of *Keil*, in *Lincolnshire*, and as now I recollected every word and action with a kind of religious fondness, I came to a resolution of burying her there, or otherwise I should have inhum'd her in *Surry*, with my own father and mother, and the good Mr. and Mrs. *Duckett*. Accordingly we set out, with as much funeral pomp as was consistent not only with my character, but with my affection; myself and son being unaffected mourners, attended by the gentleman and his wife where we lodg'd, in *Kent*, who, in the little time they had known Mrs. *M'Kenzie*, had seen enough to make them value her extremely. I had order'd the undertaker to provide proper things for as many persons as I thought would be expedient

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pedient to invite there, particularly my father-in-law and his wife, whom we had sometimes corresponded with, and that more from my wife's affection, than from any regard the old gentleman had shewn us since the death of our mother. In this melancholy journey, no words can express the distress I labour'd under, and in five days we arrived at *Spilsby*, bringing the first news into *Lincolnshire* of the death of a lady who had been an honour to the place of her birth. Her relations were all sincerely affected; but, to describe what I felt in reviewing all the scenes of our beginning loves, all the happiness I had enjoyed in this delightful vicinity, joys which, alas! were now no more, all the power of language would be too faint. One of our friends went to my wife's father, and first brought to him the news of his daughter's death. He, for the first time that ever he wept in his life, shed tears; and immediately took his horse and came over to us, and entered the room where I was, with an action of affection and distress, of which I never before had thought him capable. I must own that, in regard to his poor daughter, I could not help shewing him the utmost respect, and we mingled our tears together, he often repeating—Ah! my poor daughter

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daughter—I wish I had seen thee before thou diedst:—This is, positively, the greatest blow I ever received. Just at that instant his grandson entered the room, and, viewing him, he continued—Poor baby!—how shall we make thee amends for thy grievous loss!—I have no children but thee left—and thou shalt inherit all I have. The amiable little fellow caress'd him in his innocent way, which finish'd the conquest over his hitherto obdurate heart. The next day we deposited my wife's remains in the grave with her mother and sister; and, having discharg'd the undertaker, and sent home our *Kentish* acquaintance, I, mournfully, yielded to the solicitations of my father-in-law, to reside some days with him, before we set out for *London*, tho' the sight of the house was grievous to me on many accounts. Yet I thought I owed somewhat to my son's interest, to whom the old gentleman had shewn a prodigious fondness. His new wife put on an air of concern and civility, and took great notice of my son, but inwardly, I could discover, wish'd us farther off, looking upon us as enemies, in the way of the numerous train of relations she had introduced to the old man's notice, and even into his house. One day, when we were riding to *Spilby* together, and, for variety,

riety, had crossed the country by bye-roads, I took the liberty thus to address him. I cannot imagine, Sir, that, by your second venture, you will have any offspring, and, notwithstanding some particularities I have noted in your temper, I believe you had a sincere value for my late dear mother, my *Marianne*, and her sister; and I don't doubt your considering your grandson as the only representative of your family, after making a proper provision for your spouse. As far as can be seen, considering his youth and innocence, he seems form'd to merit your regard, and to do honour to the family he sprung from, and in his education nothing shall be wanting to make him an ornament, and a benefit to mankind. But I would have you, Sir, think of these things in health; for, to be plain, and I know you love freedom, I perceive, you are so surrounded, that, if you should be taken ill in our absence, (and next week I must depart) you will not be the absolute master of your resolutions, and you know what self-interested artifices are often practiced upon a dying man. The old gentleman, to my surprize, made me this calm reply. Why, son, as you say, I have many particularities, but I wish my temper had been otherwise; for I have now liv'd to lose all those

for whom I was scheming future fortune, and begin to value money a little less than formerly. I did sincerely love your mother, and my daughters, tho' I made use of certain politic measures with you all, and never should have married again; but that this woman had a tempting bait of 8000 *l.* by her, which I could not, for my life, help having an inclination to call my own. But, positively, never were two knowing ones better met; for, before she surrendered to me, she insisted upon my making a will in her sole favour, which accordingly I did, leaving only 500 *l.* to your wife. But you may be sure I intended to alter this, tho' I have waited so long first, in hope that I should, God forgive me, put her into the ground before me. If I live, before you go, I will make a fresh will, and leave all to my grandson that I can, which may, perhaps, amount to 10,000 *l.* for, between you and I, I find I begin to decay, and can't last long, and therefore will not be so unjust, as to give away any of the money from her, which I got by her. This is my determined resolution; and, as a proof it, I have brought with me a little present for yourself, as an acknowledgment that, I think I have not treated you well, and of what I owe you for your good behaviour to

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my late excellent daughter, with whom you never had a farthing. So saying, he stop'd his horse, as I did mine, and, pulling out a bag, in which, he said, there was 300*l.* and a bank-bill for 200*l.* more, he gave it into my hand, as I sat, quite amazed and staring at him with all my eyes, whilst he thus continued. Why, 'faith, *Mac*, you may well be amazed; some years ago, I could as soon have borne to have parted with so many drops of blood; but times alter, you know—Age and losses, and a view of mortality, have made these shining pieces of less value to me, and, I hope, have made me repent of the many meanneſſes I have been guilty of to acquire them. I took his hand, for the first time, and kiss'd it, uttering many grateful expressions of my sense of his favour, and all my affection for him returned. This was all transacted at the corner of a lane, up which we were going to ride, and was observed by three travelling fellows, who had not been noticed by us; but all in the same moment I heard my father cry—Turn about—good God! ye villains! and was, before I could move, knock'd senseless from my horse. Oh! heaven, judge my amazed, my sad situation, when, opening my eyes, which, perhaps, might be a considerable space afterwards,

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wards, I perceived the old gentleman, at some distance, weltring in his gore, and, essaying to get up, found I was incapable of moving, and wounded in the head and breast. I now recollected every thing, and was overcome with so terrible, so complicated a misfortune. Thus I remained near an hour, and did not doubt, as the place was very little frequented, that there I should also expire, when I heard the sound of men and horses, and, soon after, could discover some of our servants, with a great posse of countrymen, and a cart to carry us home. All this was so profound a mystery, that I doubted if my senses were not disordered. They first went to my father, and, having put him into the cart, came to me, and I endeavoured to lift up my head, and to speak, but was incapable of either, tho' I could hear, and noticed all that pass'd. He's alive, says one of the fellows—thank God for that!—We have all reason to love him, I'm sure.—He was always kind to us, and was a special husband to young mistress. All this while they were getting me into the cart, where they laid me by my father, and then, with a gentle pace, drove us home. We were received by the family with terror and affright, and the widow put on an air of the most

most poignant sorrow. Soon after a surgeon arrived, who, searching my wounds, said, they were not mortal; but that my father had been past help long ago, and was gone for ever. All this I could distinctly hear, which had like to have disappointed all the endeavours for my recovery, when I contemplated the fatal consequences to me and my son of this dreadful murder. However, the sight of the dear child, weeping by my bed-side, determined me to compose myself, and in three days I was able to give an account, as far as I knew, of my misfortune, tho' not by whom, or how the murder was perpetrated. However, beside the 500*l.* every thing valuable, as watches, rings, buttons, and buckles were taken from us; and, by the many rents in our clothes, it was perceivable they had endeavoured to strip us of them also. A hue and cry was dispatched every way, but without effect, during all the time I was under cure. It appeared that a neighbour had accidentally and providentially rode that way and found us, as he suppos'd, dead, and being unable to do any thing alone, he gallop'd to my father's with the dreadful tidings, which were confirm'd by our horses returning just at the same time without their riders; and this brought down the relief, without which

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I should also soon have been numbered with the dead. Some of our wounds seem'd to be given by the prongs of a hay-fork, and others with a knife; I had several contusions, and my father's body was all over a continued bruise; so that, it was imagin'd, he had made a stout resistance. Thus, in one fatal instant, I was depriv'd of all the fond hopes I had entertained, of that fortune which was so much my due, and so much the due of my son, and in the instant too that I thought myself quite sure of possessing it; and I lost, at the same time, 500*l.* and the father of my ever remembered wife, when he was going, in truth, to prove himself worthy of that name. I had now nothing to do, but to submit to the courtesy of his widow, who, after all my rhetoric, stuck to the letter of her will, and even made some scruple to pay me the 500*l.* which was left to Mrs. *M'Kenzie*, because her husband and son was not mentioned in the will. Common decency, indeed, oblig'd her to behave civilly, whilst we staid there, and some regard to her reputation; for the whole county cry'd out of the hardships we suffered; however, as there could be no pretence of disputing the will, I was obliged to submit. Before we left this melancholy spot we received then the
500*l.*

500*l.* and, wondrous generosity! the widow added a present of fifty guineas, for my travelling expences, and twenty guineas to my son; and, after taking leave of all our friends, we set out for *Kent*, and arrived at our country retreat, from whence I soon sent my son to a noted boarding-school, the abilities of the master of which I was no stranger to. The idea of *Marianne* rendered now this spot, where I had promised myself so much comfort, quite irksome to me. I mourn'd, and mop'd about, like one beside myself, and all the misfortunes of my life pass'd in review before me in dreadful guise, without the soothing persuasions of my late soft companion to alleviate their baneful force. I determin'd then, and accordingly did come up to *London*, hoping the hurry and variety of objects in that city would in some measure divert my mind from poring over the sad events I had experienced. One day, as I was returning to my lodgings in *Soho-Square*, I pass'd thro' a mob of people at a noted justice of peace's door, and hearing the word *murder* from some amongst them, a word I never heard without shuddering, I ask'd whether any person guilty of that crime was before his worship, and was answered, there were two men who were

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taken up for attacking a gentleman upon *Pancras* causeway, who had confessed a murder committed a year and a half since in *Lincolnshire*. I was struck with great amazement at this intelligence, and turn'd into his worship's office, where two tall, hard-featur'd *Irishmen* were under examination. I paid my compliments to the magistrate, and having, in few words, told him the interest I imagin'd I had in hearing his examination, I was favoured with a chair, and heard a confession of so many complicated villainies, as one would imagine any persons, that bore the semblance of human creatures, would be incapable of. I had their confession of the *Lincolnshire* murder put into my hands, which imported, That, near *Spilsby*, they accidentally saw, as they were roaming from farm-house to farm-house to get work at the hay-harvest, a grafter and a gentleman in red converse together, and saw the elder deliver a bag of money to the younger: That they conceal'd themselves behind a copse from their sight; and, having concerted between each other the execution of the robbery, one of them took a circuit, and came behind the youngest gentleman, knock'd him off his horse, and then attack'd the old one, who made a great resistance; but was at last kill'd, by running
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the prong of a hay-fork into his left side: That then, perceiving the young one stir, they beat him about the head and breast, and stabb'd him in several places, and also left him dead upon the spot. They nam'd the booty they made very exactly, and said there were three of them concern'd in the murder; but that one of them had gone to *Ireland* with his share of the booty, named *Brennan*, who had since been hang'd for a murder committed in *St. Patrick's* liberty, in *Dublin*. With his worship's leave, I made myself known to them; and, harden'd as they were, they were ready to drop into the earth, at the sight of a man, they had imagin'd out of the world, and incapable of reproaching them with their villainy. I found it impossible to have any of the things they took from us; for they could but blindly remember what became of them themselves. This I look'd upon as a great misfortune, as, to my watch was fix'd a miniature of my dear *Marianne*, which I would have given any money to regain. I was bound over to appear against the vile creatures at the *Old-Bailey*, and accordingly did; but my indictment was not tried, they being convicted upon two others, and I beheld them meet with their deserved end at *Tyburn*, without any pain, looking upon

them as the ruiners of my expectations, and the disgracers of their species. They made a full confession at the place of execution, and died, greatly to the honour of that party, *Zealous Roman Catholicks*, as the ordinary phras'd it. This righteous judgment of Providence filled me with awe and reverence; and methought I could see therein the plain footsteps of that unerring power that rules the universe. I was now absolutely, once more, without friend or relation, and without any other tie than my son, who, sweet lad, came on surprizingly in what he was put to learn, and was the delight of every eye that saw him. This was my sole comfort; for my moments, notwithstanding the calls of my duty, lagg'd on slowly and irksomely, company was insipid, mirth painful, and nothing but solitude had charms to please. I was perpetually dwelling upon the amiable graces and virtues of my *Marianne*, and her dear name was every now and then in my mouth, and involuntarily made its way thro' my lips. I was at this time, beside my pay, in possession of near 1000*l.* which I determin'd not to make the least use of, but to keep it at interest till my son came of age; for I had, in my present temper of mind, neither inclination or view to improve my fortune.

tune. My pay was sufficient for my support; my pleasures being little expensive, and confin'd to books, and to contemplation. In this situation I was, when captain *Private* was commissioned to command the company of which I was lieutenant. He was a person of a most insinuating address, well vers'd in the motions of the human heart, in all its foibles, and where to attack the weak part of his acquaintance. My general character in the regiment, the love all my brother officers expressed for me, made him eager to cultivate a friendship with me. He heard I had money also, a commodity for which he had an eager relish, and put on so serious an air, sooth'd me so, with mixing his feign'd melancholy story with my real griefs, that I entertain'd a perfect friendship for him; which was so much more dangerous, as my nature was open and sincere, and he was a most artful, a most consummate villain: He was deep in his schemes, and never hurried himself to produce the purposes he intended, by which he sav'd, in general, the appearance of guilt. He was soon master of me, and of all the secrets of my soul: He had run himself in debt, and he wanted my cash to free himself from the danger of being forc'd to sell his commission; but as to borrowing
small

small sums, he knew it was only protracting his pains, and raising my suspicion. My money he knew was in unexceptionable hands, and that I would venture no part of it upon any scheme or project whilst my son was living, and he therefore very cunningly objected, when he several times accompanied me to see the dear boy, and we observed he was not in a good state of health, for he was of the delicate and tender constitution of his mother; to the situation and air of the place, and at last engaged me to remove him to another school, in one of the most baneful, wet, and aguish spots in the county of *Essex*. This artifice had the desir'd effect. Alas! all my hope, and all my comfort—the very support of my life, died in my arms, and followed his unfortunate race to the grave in less than a month after his removal. I was now unhing'd entirely for all the functions of life, and unprepared to resist any attack upon my understanding, which was shattered and torn by perpetual reflecting upon my uncommon series of disasters. *Private* lamented with me—alternately sooth'd and consoled me, and became so necessary to my existence, that I could not be without him. Six months more elaps'd, in which space, tho' not cur'd of my griefs, which I shall never quit till
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the grave receives me, I became somewhat calm and resign'd, and yielded to the truly kind and christian arguments of this assiduous, this pretended friend and companion. Mean time, he had perswaded me to lend him 600*l.* upon his single bond, and soon after 200*l.* more, which I did with the greatest pleasure, for I lov'd and esteem'd him. All that disturb'd this monster now, was the fear of, one day or other, being call'd upon to refund, which he had never intended, and which indeed his extravagancies, and the payment of former debts, soon rendered impossible. He form'd a resolution then, to lay a train for a quarrel, by exciting me to complain; for which reason, under specious pretences, he engag'd me to lend him all the remainder of my cash, as to a secure hand, upon proper interest, in the way of serving myself as well as him; nay more, to borrow 400*l.* from my friends, to do him a particular service. In short, I was so infatuated, that I did not practice common prudence and foresight; but ran headlong into every thing he requir'd of me, having the utmost confidence in his honour, and his boasted ability of payment, the appearance of which he kept up by too many strange artifices to trouble you with the recital of. Whilst this was transacting, our
com-

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company was removed to quarters at *Newberry*, in *Berkshire*, and eight months passed, without the least mention of the principal, or payment of interest, for either of these sums. He was now seldom at quarters; but left the care of the company to me, who desired never to see *London* more, and seem'd to forget I was in being. The time for which I borrowed the 400 *l.* was long expir'd, and my sense of honour, of justice, was too delicate to suffer me any ease under such a pressure. I wrote to *Private*, he made me promise upon promise for several succeeding months, and at length combated my reasonable remonstrances with fury and reproach, so gross, that I must have been inanimate and insensible to have borne it with any patience. This was the moment he waited for, and my death was to secure him the possession, undisturb'd, of what he had robb'd me of, by specious pretences. He took an opportunity to challenge me;—we fought, and my unlucky arm (I speak it with sorrow and confusion) gave him his mortal wound. He little expected to find so good a swordsman in a man of my peaceable and placid disposition; and, as he was a try'd and approv'd duellist himself, depended upon conquest. I ran to him when he fell—supported him to my own bed, and

and when the surgeon pronounced him a dead man, he made a confession of all his crimes, a dreadful number ! I forgave the unhappy wretch, and he with great penitence expir'd. Thus I found myself without money, for he had no assets to leave behind him, and under the burden of a debt I was unable to satisfy, as well as under the horror of having sent a fellow-creature to the other world, with all his load of crimes upon his head.—Direful, torturing thought ! I was acquitted by the laws of my country ; but I still look'd upon myself, notwithstanding false notions of honour, as a murderer. My creditors, indeed, when thy understood what a dupe I had been to this man's designs, would have given me any time to pay them their money ; but I was not able to support myself under the pain it gave, and accordingly, having obtained leave to sell my commission, I paid all my debts, left the regiment with honour, to the great concern of my colonel, and all my brother officers, having just seventy pounds in my pocket ; and, being uncertain what course to steer, or where to spend the residue of my melancholy life. At length I determin'd to visit *Ireland* ; and at *Chester*, encountering with a company of strolling players, I was so taken with their way of life,

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life, having always had an inclination to the stage, that I join'd them, went with them to *Ireland*, and became the master of them, and their scenes, and had pretty considerable success, and these romantick peregrinations serv'd to amuse my thoughts, and to divert the constant grief and chagrin I carried about me. Few adventures, worth notice, occurred, till I fortunately encountered with that worthy friend, Mr. *Ranger*, the similarity of whose genius and temper, the worth, the honour, and virtue so visible in all he said, and all he did, endear'd him to my soul from the first moment I beheld him. What happened to me during my felicitous intercourse with that amiable gentleman, my lord, you are well acquainted with, and with the reason I so soon lost his engaging society. Agreeable to my advices to him, I embark'd for the *West-Indies*, and met with a prosperous voyage, till we came to the height of the *Canaries*, when a most terrible storm arose, which rent our sails, carried our foremast by the board, and such a swelling sea, that we every minute expected to go to the bottom. Thus we were buffeted for six days, and driven at a great rate to the southward, till we arrived at the *Cape Verde Islands*. I will not trouble you with a detail of the hardships we endured,
nor

nor a minute description of all that occurred, suffice it, that we were at last obliged to run ashore on the S. W. of *St. Vincent*, whilst the waves ran mountains high, not having any prospect of saving any thing but our lives. Our long-boat, being overmann'd, sunk amongst the breakers, and every soul perished, and amongst them all my performers, both men and women. At this period, *Ranger* could not help testifying his concern for the fate of all his old companions, and then *M. Kenzie* resum'd his relation. The yawl, in which myself, the master, and five more were, rode over all, and we landed upon a reef, and were soon out of the reach of the waves; tho', as we had no provisions with us, we were in imminent danger of perishing by a more slow, but painful death, seeing our shelf, we had landed upon, was near half a league from the main island, barren and desert. Whilst we were debating upon our dreadful situation, we had the mortification to perceive that the sea gain'd insensibly upon the reef, and conjectured, that it was part of a sunken rock, which, at high tide, would be entirely overflowed. We hesitated then, not a moment, but once more took to our boat, and endeavoured to stand towards the island, but found so prodigious

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a swell, and the wind rag'd so fiercely, that we made little or no way, and one of our men was wash'd out of the stern sheets, and we never saw him more. In this pressing exigency, when death was staring us in the face, the master cry'd out, he was sure he saw a sail; and, looking out, as he directed, we were all joyfully convinc'd he was right, and that it was not above a league distant. This caused us to redouble our efforts, and we had the good fortune of the wind's dying away, and having spread a shirt upon an oar, as a signal of distress, we were at last luckily espy'd by the vessel, who back'd her sails, and in two hours more we got on board, and were received with the utmost humanity. This Providence opened to me a large field of reflexion. Myself, and a few more, were preserved, out of thirty souls. Myself! who was tir'd of life—who long'd to quit it!—Myself was preserv'd, whilst those who had connexions with the world, and many of them thriving in it, were lost. I lowly ador'd the disposing will of the great Supreme, and look'd upon it as a lesson not to despond, but endeavour to obey the dictates of heaven, which had rescu'd me for wise ends and purposes in life, to me yet unknown. The ship that took us up, was
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the *Joanna* of *Liverpoole*, capt. *Jacob Coustos*, and with him we safely landed in *England*, nor would his owners accept of the least gratuity for our passages. I was now a miserable object indeed—I had just three guineas left in my pocket, only the clothes I had on my back, and three shirts, and two pair of stockings, lent me by a passenger on board the *Joanna*, which he had generosity enough not to accept the return of. Thus I was turn'd adrift in my native clime, where my family had possessed estates, where I had intermarry'd, and liv'd, and acted as a man of honour, and a gentleman: And in all my researches into the motives of all the actions of my life, I could charge myself with no premeditated crime, and only some imprudencies, that, methought did not merit so severe a chastisement from heaven. In this condition I travelled, on foot, to *London*; and when I arrived there, tho' I had acted with great parsimony, I brought with me but sixteen shillings of my whole stock. I was to seek for some means to preserve myself from starving; I had no friends to apply to, but such as my greatness of mind told me, perhaps falsely, it was a disgrace to stoop to. In short, before I could fix upon any plan of future action, my money was reduc'd to
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the last six-pence ; and, merely to support life, for two succeeding days, I was oblig'd to sell every thing, even to the clothes on my back, which were in so bad a plight, as to be another cause of my backwardness to apply to any former acquaintance. For three days before my dear friend was sent by heaven to my relief, not a morsel of any thing—nothing but fair water had entered these lips. Lord forgive me ! The weakness this course of life had induced, I believe, had disordered my brain—I had strange, gloomy ideas in my mind—and was bent to get rid of my wretched being. How I was prevented from executing this fatal resolve, you all very well know.—Thus, my noble and worthy friends, you have had the transactions of a life, full of misfortune. A life, now entirely preserv'd and supported by your kind and good offices. I will not murmur nor repine at my fate,—but will, with all humility, conclude,

*'Tis thus that heav'n its empire does maintain :
It may afflict ; but man must not complain !*

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Reflexions of the hearers.—Ranger embarks with the manager of the theatre-royal.—His character.—Encreas'd reputation of Ranger.—Obtains a share of the management.—New models the theatre.—First appearance of Miss Amiable.—Her success in the part of Mrs. Fondlewife.—Her levee crowded.—Her address to Ranger.—His reply and resolution.

M[']KENZIE had no sooner concluded his melancholy narration, than his friend *Ranger*, maugre the presence of lord and lady *Bertram*, advanc'd to him, and, folding him in his arms, cry'd, Ah! my dear companion and associate, you set out with accusing yourself of some sort of imprudence in the conduct of your life; but I can see nothing throughout, that does not indicate a noble, beneficent and praise-worthy disposition, a temper of the very best cast, and a mind fraught with love and benevolence, and adorn'd with virtue. True, continues lord *Bertram*, in his turn, embracing him, I entirely coincide with your sentiments, Mr. *Ranger*, and am amazed at such a series of afflictions and disappointments,

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ments, which have seldom fallen to the lot of one man, and are plain marks of the inscrutable designs of Providence, who has reserv'd you, thro' such a source of cruel ills, to this moment, and by that, seems to intend you for some wise purposes of its own, or, at least, as a monument of patient suffering, and exemplary goodness, under adversity. Ah! says *Clarissa*, poor, poor *Marianne*!—never enough to be lamented fair one! How hard was thy fate! how great was thy loss, with all thy softness, sweetness and truth! I have never been more sincerely moved, Mr. *McKenzie*, than thro' your whole narration. Come, tho' you cannot possibly forget those direful events, cease to afflict yourself with such incessant rigour, (seeing the tears run from his eyes,) we will all of us endeavour to alleviate your woes, to soothe your moments, with the charms of friendship and conversation. Your worthy partner, Mr. *Ranger*, has felt the same disasters in many respects, and I could not help drawing some parallel between you. His greatness of soul, like your's, has supported him thro' a train of losses, grievous to bear; he has mourn'd a *Sophia*, a mother, a sister, a Mr. *Duckett*, in Mr. *Birch*; has also met with a Sir *Julius*, to answer the disposition of your father-in-law;

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law; and sure his sudden, his unfortunate catastrophe should be a warning to such unfeeling mortals, how they indulge their sordid and mercenary schemes to the breach of every tender, every humane and lovely principle. *M'Kenzie* returned these kind words by a most profoundly respectful action, and began to cheer his heart in the contemplation of the acquirement of such sincere, such noble friends, which, he protested, were a recompence for all his sufferings. They did not part 'till late in the evening, when they retir'd to their several apartments, full of respect for each other, of humble reverence to the all-wise Creator, and of good-will and beneficence to their fellow-creatures.

THE season for performing being now advanc'd, *Ranger* could no longer resist the pressing instances of his many noble and honourable friends, to remove to the theatre-royal, and comply with the proposals of the patentee. The whole town were rejoic'd when they heard of his removal, and he furnish'd them such a pleasing banquet of theatrical excellencies, as redeemed those rational amusements from the censure under which they had so many years suffered. *M'Kenzie*, appear'd with him in the same plays, by imitating his friend, soon was
look'd

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look'd upon as a second to none but him, and was equally caress'd with the amiable *Ranger*. What contributed greatly to fix them in a higher point of view, was their prudence, frugality and oeconomy, which had hitherto had no precedent upon the stage. The buskin'd heroes and heroines had not been content only to imitate the actions of their superiors upon the stage, but had followed their examples in every part of life. They gam'd, whor'd, and drank, and, in general, dissipated their finances with a truly polite disregard to present reputation, or future dependence, to the injury of many tradesmen, and others, with whom they were concern'd. The present manager, by his example, encouraged too much this spirit of profusion. He had entered the stage of life with a superb fortune, and tho' his profits and emoluments were almost ministerial, he was now reduced to great and calamitous distresses. He was one of those exalted genii who lavish their money away without prudence, thought, or consideration. His waking hours were spent in riots and debaucheries, and his moments, that should have been sooth'd by the kind composer sleep, in schemes for temporary means to extricate himself from his perpetual incumbrances. His hotel was per-

perpetually crowded with gloomy, discontented duns, hard favour'd bailiffs, needy poets, and abandoned rakes, who, mingled with noble bucks, and *wou'd be* criticks at his levee: All which seem'd to promise a speedy end to his extravagancies. And yet all these distresses flow'd from no evil disposition of mind; but from an unaccountable imprudence, and easiness of temper. He was generous, benevolent, and discerning, but had so little notion of the value of reputation, or the weight of credit, that he thus forfeited honour and peace. No wonder, then, if the known prudence, good sense, and riches of *Ranger*, threw the eyes, as well as the wishes, of the town upon him. They already put him down as the future provider of their entertainments, and the needy circumstances of his principal soon answered their expectations, by a mortgage of part of the management. Thence, the publick began to see performers introduced, whose natural abilities and talents were adapted to the parts they exhibited; who were, by nature, form'd to inculcate moral instruction; and who, in private life, were inoffensive and amiable, who, in short, followed the example of their master. Those dramattick productions, which do honour to our nation and language,

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were revived, and the immortal *Shakespear* shone with that lustre and fire that none but a *Ranger* could have given him. But the taste of the town was so perverted to the unmeaning buffoonry of pantomime and entertainment, that, even against his will and judgment, something of that kind was to be preserved—the vulgar of the twelve-penny gallery must still have somewhat to propagate the roar: However, even those exotic productions were new modelled, and made more subservient to good sense and contrivance. In a few years after this period, and whilst *Ranger* was in the height of his reputation, a young gentlewoman was introduced to him, who, under an old veteran of the theatre, had made some essays towards publick action and elocution. She had pleas'd every one in the character of *Mrs. Fondlewife*, and had exhibited that character with new traits of comick humour. The sight of her prepossessed *Ranger* in her favour, he found her equal to those parts which required the highest excellence of voice and person, and he assiduously cultivated the rising flower. A small space of time brought her so forward, that, in whatever *Ranger* was seen, *Miss Amiable* filled up a correspondent female character, to the great delight and satisfaction of the spectators.

tors. She was just out of her teens, her person was lovely, her temper engaging, and her mind fraught with a thousand beauties and graces. But, alas! how dangerous in a young actress are these perfections! She soon became the toast of the beau monde, was attacked with flattery, and presents, by the great and the gay, her name was propagated in the smooth chant and the soft sonnet, and it became a fashion to admire her. From the native innocence of her mind she was perverted to coquetry and intrigue, and her apartments were crowded with sighing lovers, who each, in their several manners, aim'd at her destruction:— I mean, at the destruction of that virtue that had stood many attempts triumphantly. Her heart she had silently given to the perfections of *Ranger*, who was not without some liking to her graces of mind and person, and only waited, with true discernment, to inspect into her behaviour in her present gay situation, to cement with her a most tender union. He had experienc'd so much of love, had been so intimately affected by that soft passion, that he was not to be lur'd by a sudden prepossession to venture his heart again, without a surety of its meeting with an object that should be a lasting blessing to his arms.

Curse on the vanity of the fascinating sex! —Miss *Amiable*, tho' touch'd to the soul by her *Ranger*, could not help indulging some levities which were inconsistent with his scheme of happiness.—*She turn'd to folly, and became a wanton*—this was the truth—and a woman who might have been an ornament to her sex, became—a mere actress. *Ranger* was inly chagrin'd at her defection from virtue, and ceas'd his close attachment to her. Her pride, and all the tender motions of her soul felt his defection.—She wept—she rav'd—she exclaim'd of broken vows, and violated troth, and, one evening, being with him in private, thus address'd the beloved man. Mr. *Ranger*, I perceive you have forgot your profess'd regard to me, in which I freely own I took the utmost pleasure. Remember, Sir, what has pass'd between us, and consider if you have not committed, by this estrangement, an act of the greatest injustice and barbarity. Had not my heart been totally your's, I might, you well know, have clos'd with the offers of the duke of —, or lord —, and have made my future days perfectly easy : But I despis'd all the glitter and pomp that was spread before me, in hopes, that at length we should have been happy together. What ? I suppose now, you think I have taken some un-
war-

warrantable liberties with my admirers, and are become captious upon it? But, do you ever expect a woman of spirit and sense will be confin'd to your affectedly sober maxims and notions? No, Sir, assure yourself she never will; and that, if you seek such an one, you must go to the southern continent for her,—for no such will you find in the whole compass of the discover'd globe. Think of the way of life I am embark'd in, with you; how advantageous it is that the town has conceiv'd such an opinion of me, and has contracted such a liking to me, and be content, amidst all the follies I am oblig'd to suffer, with reigning sole monarch of my heart, without a rival, and reaping the profits of this favourable prepossession. I can see and feel the innoxious flies swarming about me, without suffering detriment either in mind or person. The caresses of a fop, and the blandishments of a peer, are alike my diversion; but never engage a serious thought. How can you frown upon me so, my *Ranger*, I deserve your affection, and you are the most ungrateful among men if you do not give it me without reserve! *Ranger*, after looking at her, in a kind of surprize, made her the following reply. Perhaps, Madam, I might very easily, and with little

trouble, contract some new obligations to you, and the discharge of the duties of matrimony with Miss *Amiable* would not be very difficult upon her principles; but, since you seem to be very lax in your notions thereof, I will give you my open sentiments, at once, that, by seeing how different they are from your own, you may no longer fruitlessly wish that union betwixt us, that I once, too precipitately, I confess, indulg'd my thoughts in likewise. Whatever has pass'd between us, was of a nature rather to increase fondness, than to smother it, and I have no objection to your person, which is still lovely, and I wish your mind corresponded with it. That it does not, I am sure, may be gathered from the manner of your expression, with regard to the proposals of the duke of—— and lord——; closing with which, you say, would have made you *perfectly easy*.—What must I think of a woman who could be *perfectly easy* with fools, fots and fops, however dignified, earning the wages of the vilest, and most loathsome prostitution? I must own, you quite frighten'd me, and I could hardly believe my ears. When your sense of that miserable condition should become more feeling, we should have reason to say, as *Pope* does of a certain dutchess,

Her

*Her grandeur but usurps her outward part ;
She sighs, and is no dutchess—at her heart.*

Where is virtue flown—where is chastity banished, that from those lips, form'd to breath enchanting melody, such sounds could issue? Truly, if this is becoming a *woman of sense and spirit*: To be confin'd to my *affectedly sober notions*, would be much more eligible to her, than the liberties such *sense and spirit* allow. It is true, very true, I have inly mourn'd the liberties I have seen you take, and the freedoms that you have suffered to be taken with you, which soon brought me to a conclusion in the premises; and as to the advantages you mention, they will be as much reap'd, if we continue in our present conditions, as if united; tho', assure yourself, I never did, nor ever will, make myself such a slave to the obtaining money, as to forfeit my honour and good sense for it. The swarm, you mention, who so surround you, you say, cannot detriment your mind or person; but, take my word for it, madam, they have already tainted the former; and that the latter is in great danger, if already ravages have not been committed upon it, which tho' now, not being so intimately concern'd, I can think of without emotion; yet, were you

mine, would make me the most miserable wretch breathing, and would end in a most miserable catastrophe. I am not one of those men, that can bear to see the *tablet of his soul all foul'd and blotted*—no,—and consequently should be a very improper husband for a lady of *sense and spirit*. The profession we follow, tho' I have endeavoured to reform it, and I hope I have succeeded; this profession, I say, does no doubt admit of some liberties that custom has given a sanction to; but believe it, madam, if you had continued as my fond wishes desir'd, and we had ty'd the indissoluble knot, my love, tenderness and delicacy would have immediately induced me to take you from the further exhibition of those perfections, those beauties in publick, which I should think alone form'd for my enjoyment, solace and comfort. The woman that would secure my heart, that would rivet my affections to her, must think justly, act wisely and prudently, and be capable of filling her station with dignity, and mingled ease. When cares oppress me—when the affairs of life have sour'd her husband's temper—one look, one glance, of her dear inspiring eyes, should suffice to chase all anxiety away;—one accent of her soothing, melodious voice to tune my soul to

to harmony. I should make all possible allowance for human frailties; but I think myself so form'd to constitute the happiness of such a woman, to be so dispos'd to do it; that she could meet with little to interrupt the serenity of her temper, to ruffle her mind. In such a state, what expressions are adequate to my sense of the transporting bliss we should enjoy,

Happy, happy pair!

Who thus esteem each other's ease,

Worthy of each other's care!

For her, each gladsome morn should wake,

Grey e'en, replete with bliss retire;

Those graces I should ne'er forsake,

But still to falt'ring age admire.

Ever the same, no discord should decrease

Our smiling extacy—celestial peace;

Politeness smooth, and decency should sway,

Our thoughts, our acts, and reason's forceful ray!

But to make these delights permanent, lasting and sincere, my dear madam, the husband and wife must fix their souls upon each other alone. The eye must not be suffered to wander, nor the heart to pant, after other enjoyments.—And, if Providence bless them with children, the greatest part of

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their time, that is not engag'd in the necessary business of life, should be dedicated to form the young plants, well watered by the dew of their parents affection, and to make them copies of their own good qualities, and useful and serviceable to mankind, which is the end for which the delightful, the transporting commerce between the sexes, for which holy matrimony was ordained. Religion, principle, then, must be concomitants, and necessary ones, however unfashionable, in such an union, there must be a conscience made in these matters, and a fear of offending the Divine Being, by offending against justice, equity and truth. Thus adorn'd, the close of life would be as agreeable as the commencement of love, and justify the assertions of that old, but sensible song, which I always esteem'd more than all your cantatas of warbling *Italian* ;

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The blessings that youth could bestow ;
The joys of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below :
Bliss then would perpetually grow,
By reviving such raptures as these ;
And a current of fondness would flow,
Which decrep'd old age could not freeze.

Now,

Now, dear madam, as you are not form'd, or if you was form'd, are perverted to notions diametrically opposite to my scheme of happiness, we can no more think of joining hands together: But I shall ever desire to see you easy, and as happy as your turn of mind will admit; and tho' I cease to be your admirer, will always continue your friend.

C H A P. XI.

Miss Amiable's amazement.—Her resentment.—Prejudices Ranger's character.—He receives melancholy tidings from Ireland.—His behaviour thereon.—Oppress'd with sorrow.—His reflexions.—Consolations of M'Kenzie and his noble friends.—An unexpected sight, and strange adventure.

THE poor, love-sick, indiscreet fair one, who, during this whole answer, had never dar'd to look the speaker in the face, and whose bosom had throb'd and heav'd with various struggling passions, was, at the close of it, so actuated with resentment, that words could find no passage for a reply to such reasonable cogent arguments; thrice she essay'd to speak, in vain, and

and as often turn'd her eyes upon *Ranger*, full of flame, and her face redning with passion. That gentleman, sincerely pitying the necessity he had found himself under to wake her up to such disorder, to put all her female artillery upon the tilt, look'd mildly at her, and cry'd—Pray, dear Miss, don't be so mov'd—I declare I thought, from your late behaviour, that nothing had power to put you into so serious, so thoughtful a mood.—Come, let us live in *Platonic* friendship together; but think no more of matrimony. You, continue to possess that freedom of spirit you are so fond of, whilst I enjoy my more serious turn of mind; but we can contribute greatly to each other's happiness, and we will never hazard strife, noise, and dissension, for the mere name of man and wife, for the ill-natur'd pleasure of other folks, who may perceive we are ty'd together without love, discretion or similarity. This good-natur'd exhortation had the contrary effect to what *Ranger* intended, it only added confusion to confusion—she gleam'd upon him a vindictive look, and, unable still to speak, rush'd by him, and flew into another apartment, the tears streaming from her eyes, and her stays ready to burst with the swell of choler and passion that distended her. Her natural
pride,

pride, tho', which was extreme, soon step'd in to her aid, she rav'd, for some time, like a fury—curs'd the perjur'd *Ranger*—herself—exclaim'd of perfidy, broken vows, and cruelty; lamented her destiny in tragick strain, and most tragically resolv'd to be reveng'd of the destroyer of her peace, and the contemner of her charms. The dagger, or the fatal bowl, were instruments she had no notion of employing on this occasion; no, it was a far more mischievous weapon; it was the invenom'd tongue, which convey'd, at every tea-table, the most scandalous accounts of Mr. *Ranger's* levity and inconstancy, and greatly prejudic'd him, in the opinion of the ladies particularly. She was believ'd by many in reality, and many that did not believe her, seemed to do so, being asham'd of being less censorious than their neighbours. In short, he was reduc'd to combat her assertions with explanations and discussions that were very disagreeable to him, and he lost the affections of many of his old admirers; so true it is, that

*Earth has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury—like a woman scorn'd.*

However, Mr. *Ranger* consol'd himself with the thought of his having escap'd a union with such a temper, and thought her
flan-

flander infinitely preferable to her love. Upon this occasion, however, they parted at the conclusion of the season, and never more trod the stage together. Meantime he receiv'd letters from *Ireland*, with which he had regularly and piously corresponded, and the father and uncle were so punctual, that *Ranger* had had the satisfaction every ten or twelve days of hearing from them, and of relating to them all that occur'd to him. His father had, for some time, complain'd of his decay of health, which gave *Ranger* most exquisite pain, and he had, at length, perswaded the worthy old gentleman to attempt a voyage to *England*, there to end his days in his beloved and deserving son's arms, leaving his affairs at *Tulla* to a faithful domestick, who was beloved by both of them for his assiduity and affection. He was full of the pleasing expectation of his speedy arrival, and for that purpose had provided a house, intending to leave lord *Bertram's*, and to begin family management and oeconomy, and that he and his father should live together with the greater commodity, when he received a packet from his uncle, which, having opened, he read the following lines trembling, with apprehension, at every word he perused, from a sight of the first.

My

My dear DAVY,

YOUR father, my dear brother, arriv'd six weeks past, so very ill, that I perswaded him to repose himself, and not go over by the packet that brings this, but to stay for the succeeding opportunity. He had, as, you know he has for this twelve-month past inform'd us, a very bad asthma-tick disorder, which was now, it should seem, increased to such an height as to threaten the worst consequences. *Per* first opportunity I wrote to Dr. *Sberridan*, his old physician at *Cork*, who was soon over with us, and after he had examined his patient, told me privately, he was not long for this world; for indeed his appetite was totally gone, and he had no breath, if he reclin'd ever so little; so that we were oblig'd to keep him in an upright posture continually. We had a consultation of the best physicians in *Dublin* for his relief, but they were all of *Sberridan's* opinion, and gave him over: It became necessary to tell him the dreadful tidings, which he receiv'd, like a man sick of this world, and prepar'd for a better; and the first use he made of the intelligence, was, with great pain, to write the inclosed to you. His behaviour, in his last moments, was edifying to every body
about

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about him, and he expir'd in a truly christian manner. Three days since we arriv'd from his interment at *Cork*, where we laid him in the same vault with my sister and my niece, I spared no expence in the funeral, as knowing, were you upon the spot, you would chuse to pay all possible regard to his remains in this last act of duty. I hope God will comfort you under this sad visitation—you can suggest better reasons to overcome your grief than I can furnish. I shall take care of all affairs at *Tulla* and elsewhere, in the best manner, for your interest, and am, waiting any instructions you may have to give,

My dear DAVY,

Dublin, &c.

Your most affectionate kinsman,

THO. RANGER.

THIS unexpected blow, just on the point of his expectation of every day seeing this valued parent, had a most sudden and baleful effect upon *Ranger*. Indeed he, like a man of sense, forbore, after the first shock, to shew, by the weeping eye, or the speech of woe, to declare the painful situation of his soul. But well might he say,

—*My*

——— *My grief lies all within,
And those external manners of lament,
Are nothing to the unſeen, tort'ring ſorrow
That reigns, deſpotic, o'er my lab'ring ſoul!*

For he laid it ſo to heart, that he forbore all company, ſhut himſelf up to brood over his calamity, for days together, and even the ſociety of lord *Bertram* and *M'Kenzie* was become diſtaſteful. It was near a month before he had courage to open his poor dear father's letter, and when he did, finding the following affectionate lines, he redoubled his lamentations.

Deareſt, deareſt and moſt eſteemed Child!

THE hour of my leaving this mortal ſpot is haſtening to me; and I, that ſo lately flattered myſelf with the comfort of ſeeing ſoon the beſt of ſons, ſhall be no more——being bound upon a long—long voyage—tho', I truſt, with ſuch a preparation, as will ſupport me thro' the gloomy way, to light, to life and bliſs. Do not, my dear *Davy*, afflict yourſelf—you loſe indeed a parent that loves you; but you muſt ſubmit to the will of Providence, whoſe help is all ſufficient, and who, I pray fervently, will pour the balm of comfort and conſolation over your mind.—Some years
hence

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hence—tho' late may it be—it will be thy lot to tread the same dark vale, and I confidently believe to join thy rejoicing parents, and all those dear saints, whose loss we have so mourn'd. Continue, my dear son, thy attachment to those principles of virtue and honour which you have so amiably all your life professed, and which, I now feel, will, in the consciousness of them, be the only support; when the catching breath is parting—when the hollow eye distinguishes objects but faintly, and when the fleeting soul is struggling to get from its decayed and frail abode, to its kindred skies. I wish—Oh! why do I still complain—that I had once more seen thee before I die—but, alas! 'tis now impossible!—Thou joy of my life!—thou support of my age! may our merciful and kind Creator shed the dew of his blessings upon thee!—Wherever thou art, may his light shine thro' thee—and make thee better and wiser every hour thou livest. All thy worldly concerns I have safely repos'd with thy uncle, whose goodness to me in this last trial, call for all my acknowledgments, and all thy gratitude. Adieu! adieu! receive the blessing of thy dying, yet still most tender, and most affectionate father,

RICHARD RANGER.
These

of DAVID RANGER. 235

These lines recalled to his memory all the afflictions of his life—his mother—sister—*Sophia*—*Mr. Birch*—all pass'd in melancholy review before him.—This last loss was indeed most grievous—he comforted himself with the hopes, however, of their deserving, as much as human creatures could, a future state of blessedness—lifting up his hands, and casting up his tearful eye—he frequently exclaim'd—with great fervency,

——— *If there is a power above us,
And that there is, all nature cries aloud,
Tho' all her works, he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.*

McKenzie most sincerely participated in his friend's sorrows, and, with lord and lady *Bertram*, did and said all they could to console him. They represented the virtues and integrity, the useful life of his father, and the great presumption there was, that he was in a state of happiness and bliss, and insisted upon many other topicks that very readily occur to those who give comfort, and have lost great part of their force upon those minds that are harrow'd with grief and misfortune. Nothing so easy as to give advice and consolation; nothing more difficult than to recal the oppressed mind to relish such arguments. In short, time and self-

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self-consideration are the only remedies; and these in some months operated with their usual efficacy upon Mr. *Ranger*, who was cur'd of the habit of poring over his father's memory, with too much intenseness, tho' he still, at proper times, preserv'd his image in his remembrance with a pious retrospection; and, indeed, he sometimes indulg'd himself in a melancholy walk, with a professed design to recollect and review over the passages of his life, and contemplate the dear persons he had lost, mingling tears with his reflections. For a twelve-month past, *Leonora* and her spouse had been in *France*, agreeable to the dictates of her rambling humour; for *Lothario* was so fond a husband that he complied with all her desires. Every day, for some time, they had been expected in *England*, at their house in *Grosvenor-Square*; and about two days after their arrival, lord and lady *Bertram*, *Ranger* and *M^cKenzie*, together went there to pay their respects to them with the utmost affection and cordiality. She shewed great joy in the sight of *Ranger*, and they both received *M^cKenzie* as the friend of a man they so sincerely valued. A tête à tête conversation ensued, wherein *Leonora* display'd her humour and vivacity, in relating the incidents that had befallen them,

them, during their abode in *France*. Amongst others, she told them the following adventure, which was confirm'd by *Lothario*.

WHEN we return'd from a tour we had made to *Montpelier*, we left the direct road, with a view to the enjoyment of the pleasures the country yielded, at the most lovely season of the year; and being at a little country village, some forty miles distant from the city we had left, and having no recommendation to any of the neighbouring nobility, we took up our quarters at an inn, pretty late in the evening, where the first thing we were inform'd of, was, that an *English* gentleman, who arriv'd from the count *de Sechelles's*, about eight leagues further, had been suddenly taken ill, and was then in the pangs of death; we soon learn'd his name and quality of his servant, which, you may depend upon it, when you are acquainted with, you have, Mr. *Ranger*, some knowledge of, but, seeing him stare, you shall not know it for a small space, at least till I have done my story. Another servant had immediately been sent to his lady, who was left at the count's, to bring her over to the inn, as the surgeon of the village declared he would not live twenty-four hours, and it was impossible, by a litter,
or

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or any such conveniency, to reconvey him to that nobleman's. We were greatly concern'd that his lady did not arrive before he died; and when he had breath'd his last, the other servant was dispatch'd upon the same errand, whilst *Lotbario*, with his accustomed goodness, determined to stay in the house till her arrival, and to take charge of the effects the deceas'd had about him, which were considerable, in cash and jewels. Two days pass'd, and no intelligence from the count's, when the second messenger arriv'd, with tidings that his lady had set out immediately, with his fellow-servant, and it was supposed would be, even long before he could return, arrived at the village. Soon after the count himself came over, with a great retinue, and appeared greatly amazed that the lady was not there. He was an elderly gentleman, of great honour and probity, and seem'd to have been a relation of the deceased. He return'd us thanks for the generous concern we had shewn in this affair, and invited us to his villa; for it was impossible to accommodate both our retinues in the same inn, and he determin'd to remove the body there also, till he could procure tidings of the lady, for whom he express'd much esteem, and we all feared some fatal accident had happened

to her and her convoy: But, upon recollection, we all imagin'd some villainy in the latter, who was the deceased's gentleman, as the count said, he had said nothing to him or the lady of the sickness of his master; but only intimated, that it was his lord's desire to see her, and that she should join him. Again, we could not help thinking, that such a concealment might arise from tenderness to his lady, and fear of surprizing her; and thus, at length, we had nothing but uncertainty in our conjectures. We arriv'd then, at the count's, where we were received and entertain'd with a princely splendor and hospitality, whilst servants were dispatched every way to get, if possible, intelligence of the lady and her conductor, and preparations were making for the interment of the deceased. Many of these messengers return'd, after a fruitless search, when one day, and the sixth after her loss, the count and *Lothario* having taken a tour of near twenty miles, to an estate belonging to the count's brother, and were returning pretty late, by the side of a wood, they heard several doleful groans, as of a person under some pain and distress, tho', by the hoarseness of the voice, they could not form a judgment whether it was that of a man or a woman. They generously

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rously resolved, however, as they were sufficiently arm'd, to follow the sound, which did not appear to be at a very great distance; and after about a quarter of an hour's brisk riding, and diligent search, they discovered, to their great astonishment, a female, almost naked, who was lying upon the ground, and seemingly incapable to move, her hair dishevelled, and bloody marks upon her face, neck and hands. Upon the rustling they made in their approach, having alighted at some paces from this miserable object, she lifted up her dying eyes, and, seeing the count, cry'd, Ah! my lord! how happy am I, that you are come to my rescue before I breathe my last. —Here she fainted, whilst the count, at once, recollected the very lady, about whom we had been in so much distress. They flew to her assistance, and found she was bound to the stump of a tree with strong cords, which also confin'd her hands, and were some time before they could unloose her, and bring her to herself; when, not troubling her with enquiries, in her present condition, they got her up before the count, and gently brought her home, where I receiv'd her with sincere affliction, and she was put to bed, not a word being uttered about her dead husband, who was next day in-

interr'd in the adjacent church, being of the religion of the country, with great funeral pomp and solemnity, all of us attending his obsequies. In about a week, contrary to all our fears, the dear lady shewed some signs of her restoration to life, and in another week was perfectly recovered; and then, in the most prepared way, we told her of the late catastrophe, at which she shewed a decent and becoming sorrow; for it seems she had been married to him against her consent, and therefore could not have that lively affliction which otherwise she would have felt. Soon afterwards we had the story of her late distress, which was indeed strange and affecting. Her deceased lord and herself were natives of *Ireland*, from whence his ill state of health had brought them to the south of *France*, and to the house of *Sechelles*, to whom, by the female line, he was related. When his gentleman, as before observed, was sent for her, he rode with her for near four days and an half out of the main road, to her great uneasiness, and thro' such bye places and woods, that she was quite terrified, under pretence of taking the nearest route, never baiting but at the byest cabarets and cottages; but, upon his arrival in the thickest part of the wood, in which she was found, he took her

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off her horse, declared that he had long secretly pin'd to enjoy her, and that, on that spot, he would forfeit life and every thing, but he would execute his hellish purpose; adding, insolently, my lady, I know you can't love your husband, he's older than you, by far, and therefore the relief I can give you, I don't doubt will be agreeable to you. He then attempted to fling her down, and maugre all her resistance, and her rending the air with her cries, would inevitably have succeeded, when three horsemen came to the spot, upon which, turning round, and taking his pistols from his holsters, he stood upon his defence, and a skirmish ensuing, she had the satisfaction to see him fall, by a shot thro' his villainous heart. But her condition was rather worse now than before, and these desperadoes soon prov'd themselves to be greater brutes than the wretch they had slain, and that plundering unwary passengers was their occupation. They stripp'd her of her watch, rings, and other valuable jewels, which she had incautiously about her, and cast lots who should first lye with her; to all which dreadful preparative she was a distracted witness; but some quarrel ensuing about it, two of them fought, one of whom was killed, and the other so disabled, that he

was not able to move. The remaining ruffian, less concern'd about the fate of his companions than the gratification of his vile purposes, now followed her eagerly ; for, during the combat, she had courage remaining sufficient to take to her heels, and endeavour to escape, and had actually, almost dead with terror and apprehension, got to a considerable distance before she was overtaken ; when the wretch us'd every means in his power to overcome her efforts of defence against violation, giving her, without mercy, many cruel blows, which at last depriv'd her of strength, and bound her in the manner she was discovered ; but as Providence was pleas'd to see proper, before he could proceed to the last stage of his villainy, he heard the trampling of the count and *Lothario's* horses, and, suspecting a pursuit, took to flight, and left her to the generous relief she received from those gentlemen, to whom she expressed her gratitude in the warmest and most engaging terms. Upon search three bodies were found in the wood, which were disposed of in the usual manner. As the reason of her staying in *France* was now obviated by the death of her husband, she determin'd to return with us to *Paris*, and from thence to *England*, which we were about to revisit, and we em-

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braced the offer of her agreeable company, with the greatest avidity, with which we have been ever since delighted, and you'll excuse me, gentlefolks, that I have so long kept you from paying your respects to a lady whose presence will charm you, and the sight of whom, I know, will, in a most particular manner, oblige my dear *Ranger*. So saying, she left the apartment, and, in twenty minutes, return'd with her fair fellow traveller, and the company advancing to salute her—*Ranger* fell back some paces, in the greatest amazement, lifting up his hands and eyes, and, indeed, all the company were little less astonish'd, when they discover'd in her face the features of the amiable Miss *M'Carthy*, or lady *O Hara*.

C H A P. XII.

Mutual civilities between the company.—Lady O Hara relates her story.—State of her affairs.—She returns to Ireland.—Ranger writes to his uncle about his Irish concerns.

WHEN their wonder was somewhat abated, *Ranger*, without any scruple, or reserve, folded his arms around her, and

and said, this is indeed unlook'd for happiness—and softly to her—my heart's best darling, once more to behold thee!—She receiv'd their caresses with a becoming decency, tho' joy flash'd in those eyes that had long been clouded with disappointment and misfortune. Lord *Bertram* and his lady put in for a share in the welcome to their old visitor, and she received *Mr. Kenzie* with abundance of complacent kindness. Ah! cry'd *Ranger*, when they were a little compos'd, and had taken their seats, what misfortunes this dear lady has met with! I deplore them; tho', perhaps, to the last we owe the supreme pleasure of her company. There was somewhat so providential in the accident, that I cannot help expressing my wonder at it! Why, indeed, says lord *Bertram*, the maze of the most finish'd romance will scarce furnish a stranger occurrence, and I can't help thinking, my lady and you will excuse me, that Providence ordain'd it should be so, to reward you both, by an union with each others virtues, after so long a trial, by absence, of your constancy—I think, I read in both your eyes, that *Mr. Ranger*, and *his sister*, are not displeased with what I say. Lady *O'Hara* blush'd, and reply'd, Ah! my lord—you will be unlucky enough to put us in

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mind of our former rambles, in which, I can't help saying, I enjoy'd some of the most pleasing moments of my life. Madam, *M^cKenzie* broke in, I never knew a pair whose tempers and dispositions seem'd so suitable as your's and Mr. *Ranger*'s.—No, *Leonora* join'd, nor a pair who were so true and constant to each other—if it had not been for that constancy—I believe—don't you be angry, my dear—looking at her husband—I should have ventur'd to have told him formerly, how much I approv'd his person and behaviour. Very well, madam, return'd *Lotbario*—all this before my face too—tho' indeed all must see Mr. *Ranger* with your eyes;—you put me in mind of my poor friend *Delanio*:—Why, such a speech from his *Maria*, would send him out a wanderer in woods and deserts. They all smil'd at this memento, which occasion'd *Ranger* to ask *Lotbario*, when he heard from that amiable couple?—He replied, that, about two months since, he receiv'd a letter from him, at *Paris*, that they were both well, and, as far as he could conjecture, *Delanio* had not been infected with his old disorder since; but that the worthy Mr. *Carr* had paid his last debt to nature. Pity it is, cry'd lady *Bertram*, that men of worth and honour were not immortal

mortal—tho' I am going too far, upon recollection ; for immortality of flesh and blood, would include an immortality of the pains and disquiets incident to our frame and situation—dreadful thought !——But hereafter, freed from all the pressures, all the appetites and passions of earthly creatures, immortality will be immortality indeed ! These serious reflexions led them into a very grave discourse, which recalling several mournful incidents to the minds of *Ranger* and *M'Kenzie*, not unnoticed by lord *Bertram*, he chang'd the subject, by saying, Lady *O'Hara* has no doubt met with some occurrences that are worth relating, if we can persuade her to oblige us with them, since her being lost to her *Ranger* and the world ;—we are all acquainted with her history from the time Mr. *Ranger* left *Limerick*, and her in the arms of Sir *Charles*. The lady bowing, with a modest blush on her cheeks, made this reply : My lord, this much beloved and engaging company may command any thing from me : My adventures have not been such as will raise surprize, or gratify curiosity ; but as in them, perhaps, some things have occurred, which are not known to this circle of friends, and which will serve as a supplement to

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Mr. *Ranger's* story, I shall willingly oblige them with my narration.

FOR near a twelvemonth after the last fight I had of Mr. *Ranger*, his image dwelt so forceably upon my mind, that I became a most uneasy, distracted creature—sought out solitudes, where my mournful reflexions met with little interruption, and was, even to rudeness, unkind to my spouse. But that gentleman continued to behave in so even, so tender a manner to me, denying me no gratification I ask'd, and indulging me even in those habits that produced him discontent and uneasiness, that, at length, he conquered me to civility and friendship; tho' it was impossible for him to awaken that love in his favour, which had been long before given, and was the just due of another. I endeavoured to put on a composed and pleased countenance,

Tho' discontent sat heavy on my heart,

and we liv'd in great harmony. Meantime my fordid uncle died, and was soon followed by my sister, the latter of whom, who had been a sacrifice to avarice and caprice as well as myself, I most sincerely lamented. My father Sir *Justus*, about half a year before we set out for *France*, paid us his first and only visit; it was indeed a fatal

tal visit to him, as well as, in conclusion, to his son-in-law; for they carous'd so heartily, that my father died at *Limerick* of a fever, and Sir *Charles* contracted the disorder which brought us to *France*, where he breath'd his last. I mourn'd my father as a parent; but cannot say it was with that sharpness of affliction that, had he been a kind, gentle and considerate father, I must have done. Indeed, his tyranny had made me too unhappy to engage a grateful sorrow. By his decease I had near 6000*l.* added to my fortune; tho' the family estate went, with the title, to a first cousin, who does honour to his name and descent. Soon after my aunt at *Dublin* also deceased. —She was a good woman, but died unlamented by me. Her pursuing me to *England*, and the fatal event of my being seiz'd and carry'd to *Ireland*, had obliterated all traces of affection from my mind towards her. In *France* little occur'd to me; my husband's ill state of health kept me constantly about him, so that I made few excursions; for he had so much engag'd me by his kindness and tenderness, that I paid him all the duty of a wife, and must say, I sincerely mourn'd his death. My pleas'd surprize at meeting with that lady, after the sad event that befel me at the count *de Se-*

chelles's, was extreme—it brought into my mind the days of my happiness, and that excellent man, bowing to *Ranger*, I found still predominant in my bosom. By my husband's death, I am mistress of a jointure of 300*l.* *per annum*, and he had in his will left me 8000*l.* with his house at *Limerick*, and all his goods therein, and, since my arrival, I have dispatched my orders to my agent to take care of my interest till my arrival. These are all the incidents, my dear friends, that I can gratify you with, which, as I said before, will serve as supplementary anecdotes to those former adventures with which you are so well acquainted. *Ranger*, and the whole company return'd her thanks for her obliging condescension, and they soon after prepar'd to leave *Lotbario's*, and return home, when *Clarissa*, addressing her sister, said, my dear, I must rob you, for a few days, of lady *O Hara*, she shall, I insist upon it, accompany me home—by which I shall not only gratify myself with her company; but likewise, I am sure, greatly oblige Mr. *Ranger*, and I fancy herself, by affording them an opportunity of private converse with each other. *Ranger* bow'd—lady *O Hara* courtefy'd—and *Leonora* having only a few merry objections to make, lady *Bertram* took her

her in the coach, and they all return'd home, quite pleas'd and satisfied with their visit.

THE next day lady *Bertram* was as good as her word, by leaving the two old lovers together. They sat silent for some time, when *Ranger*, flinging his arms round her, protested the inexpressible satisfaction this renewal of their friendship gave him, vow'd he never lov'd more sincerely, and beg'd her to tell him if he was yet as dear to her as ever? She press'd him to her bosom, and reply'd, Yes, my dear *Ranger*, you have never been a day from my thoughts ever since the time I lost you for ever—and till my latest moment—as long as sense or reflexion remains, you will inspire this faithful breast with love and tenderness. But why, my angel, return'd *Ranger*, why do you make use of that dreadful phrase, *lost you for ever*? Have I not recover'd you again?—Does not my bosom beat with the same ardour, as when first I was captivated by your charms? Are we not both rich enough, and of dispositions to constitute a profusion of happiness enough, to return to each others arms? Oh! my *Molly*, I feel you still sway every faculty of my soul! My dear, the lady reply'd, my dearest *Davy*, tho' ravish'd from you—tho' forc'd

to admit the embraces of a man I could barely esteem—yet I know I have some just pretences to your affection.—But can I think you will ever take to your arms, one who has lost the delicacy of her beauty, and who has been subjected to the will of another? Can you love with sincerity, and for ever dwell with a person who comes to you under so many disadvantages? No, my dear *Davy*, let some happy virgin win you to her arms, where you may reap the first fruits of a fondness, that you may be sure is all your own, untainted, and unadulterate. Let me, in obscurity, retire and pray for your welfare, and not make the dangerous experiment of confining you to those embraces, which, perhaps, have lost their power over you: And this, I know, were I to take your hand, I should expect a faithful constancy; and that your infidelity, even in a single instance, would break my heart. Fear no such thing, *Ranger* reply'd, —you are mine, and shall be mine, and once more I ask your hand, and will not take a denial. After a great deal more of such amorous parley, she was persuaded, and they mutually promised, upon her return from *Ireland*, to complete the long'd for union; for, eager as they were, she resolv'd to stick to the maxims of decorum
and

of DAVID RANGER. 253

and decency, and to mourn for Sir *Charles* a whole twelvemonth, telling and convincing *Ranger*, that to shew any disrespect to her first husband, would have an aspect of levity and wantonness, that even he could not approve, as, if he lov'd her person, her reputation must be dear to him. At her desire, *Ranger* now told her all his adventures from the time he last saw her, and afterwards the story of *M^cKenzie*, as briefly as possible. She lamented the misfortunes she heard with tears, and, in conclusion, said, My dearest *Ranger*, we seem indeed to be intended by heaven for each other: we have, since our separation, been both of us unhappy in most instances; but I hope the remainder of our days will flow with uninterrupted content, and the very remembrance of all our ills will be obliterated from our minds. Your affair with *Leonora* I forgive, and put it in balance against my forc'd infidelity, and since you was so sincere as to relate it, I will never entertain the least jealousy on that head; beside, I am very sensible she is now entirely devoted to *Lothario*, and that she is too much attached to his merits, to occasion me any farther uneasiness. When they had an opportunity, she imparted to *Clarissa* and *Leonora* what had past, as he did to *Bertram*, *Lothario*

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thario and *M'Kenzie*, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at their resolution, and sincerely felicitated them on their approaching union. *Ranger*, tho' he long'd to accompany her to *Ireland*, and could scarce support the thought of her venturing over alone, was so situated with regard to his engagements, that it was impossible for him to go with her; but, however, he and all their noble friends went with her several days, on her way to the place of her embarkation in the vessel she took passage in, and by her *Ranger* wrote to his uncle, in answer to his letter on the late melancholy occurrence, giving him proper powers to transact his affairs, and recommending the interest and accommodation of lady *O'Hara* to him in every instance that fell within his power, as a lady who was, in a very little space, to be his near relation. The parting of the two lovers was very affecting, tears were shed on both side, she set sail, and *Ranger* return'd to *London*, more enamour'd with each other than ever.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

Receives letters from Ireland.—Contents of them.—Dreadful distress, and dangerous illness they occasion.—He recovers.—Erects a monument, and writes an epitaph.

LADY O'Hara arrived safely at *Dublin*, and wrote to all her valued friends whilst she staid there, which was near a month, and in her letters magnified the great services old Mr. *Ranger* did her, and spoke largely of the genteel and affectionate manner in which he treated her, which gave *Davy* infinite satisfaction, who longed for the elapsing of the tedious period that was to keep them asunder, and formed in his mind the most enchanting ideas of future bliss in the arms of his lovely O'Hara. —How wonderful is the construction of the human mind! That, notwithstanding repeated, and almost continual misfortunes and disappointments, it still braces itself up, still becomes firm and collected, and still the heart beats after new satisfactions, new enjoyments: And let not the doctrine of those philosophers or divines, or whatever you please to call them, prevail, who inculcate it, as a duty, to be entirely weaned from

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from this wicked world, to despise those *worldlings* that bestow thoughts at all upon it, and look forwards continually, with a pride and self-sufficiency of heart, not to be equalled in any other set of mortals, upon a certain angelick state, where they are to have crowns, wings, harps and psalteries; neglecting all the duties of this mortal life, which the wisdom of the Creator of the universe thought proper to place them in, and where the improvement, and not the burying, of their talent is expected from them: No, the noble, the reasoning soul, spurns at misfortune, wrestles with adversity, still hopes for, and endeavours after happiness, in the state allotted him, and by that shews his superiority, the dignity of his mind, above the common herd, who, tho' they wear his shape and frame, are undoubtedly, when their mental powers are considered, a far inferior order of beings.

Six months more lagg'd slowly away, under this longing expectation of our two lovers, and six months time served to convince them, that they had not yet escaped from the ills of life. At a time when *Ranger*, supremely happy in his mind, in his fortune, secure of the applauses and approbation of mankind, and whose bosom dis-

tended

tended with the idea of folding the best beloved of her sex in his warm embrace; was eagerly expecting advices of her embarking at *Dublin* for *England*, and a summons to meet her at her landing; when his last letter, both from her and his uncle, flattered him with an account of her being in perfect health: At this time arrived an express, dispatched for greater expedition, who delivered to Mr. *Ranger* a packet, enclosing two letters, the contents of which were as follow.

My dearest Husband,

OH! suffer me, for the first, and—for the last time, to use that endearing epithet!—A title that I was in earnest expectation of soon giving you a right to: But, thus severe is my fortune!—I shall never see you more!—Oh! my *Davy*, what can I say to stem the torrent of your grief? —How shall I attempt to alleviate my own?—My own—which, I confess, with terror—allows hardly any vacant moment to turn my mind to that preparation necessary for the awful change I must shortly undergo!—Cut off, alas! in the prime of life, in the expectation of unbounded happiness, and certain to meet my fate with health, strength, and all my reasoning and cogitative

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cogitative faculties about me! Dreadful thought! But, less afflicting to me, as I cannot recollect many particulars of my brief date, that can give me great pain in the reflection. If love to you be a crime, indeed, that must lie heavy upon me; for, oh! I have loved you with a fondness of affection, that has allowed no place for any thing else in my breast: But are you not amiable? Are you not possessed of every lovely grace of person, every captivating embellishment of soul? And can I meet with condemnation for bestowing all my thoughts upon such an all-accomplished object? No, and heaven will surely not place it to my account as a crime! This day se'n-night, my dearest creature, on that unfortunate day, going, by the persuasion of your kind uncle, on a party of pleasure to a village not far from *Dublin*, and stepping out of the coach, I unfortunately fell, or rather slipped on one side, and he, endeavouring to catch me, my left breast, with great violence, struck upon his head, and I received such a dreadful contusion, that I immediately fainted in his arms. We returned home, proper assistance was sent for, and every thing that the skill of surgeons and physicians could administer was procured; but, alas! my hurt was such, that a
morti-

of DAVID RANGER. 259

mortification has been the dreadful consequence, and I am now pronounced within a few hours of my decease, in that very same bed in which your dear father expired :—In that very same bed your wife is destined to breathe her last !—Oh ! my dear, full of the sense of this unforeseen, this shocking close of all my fond expectations, surrounded by my weeping friends and domesticks, how can I attempt, and yet that is the intent of these lines, to administer comfort to you !—But I must—it is a duty incumbent upon me to beseech you—nay to command you—to bear my loss—grievous as I know it will be to you, with patience and resignation to the Divine will. By this prove that you love my memory !—By this prove yourself a christian !—That you have honoured me with a sincere and constant affection, is now my pride and my consolation ; but I cannot bear the thought of those virtues being lost to the world, upon my account, by which you are born to make so many persons happy. Tho' in the future state of existence, there be no marrying, nor giving in marriage, yet I fondly hope, that one of its supremest felicities will be the recognizing those persons who have been dear to us—innocently, virtuously dear to us ; and that we shall both,
hereafter,

hereafter, rejoice in bliss together—together tread the heavenly courts—together laud and bless the holy Creator of mankind—freed from all the faint, the unfaithful traces of mortal joys, of mortal disquiets. Your uncle will tell you the contents of my will, which will be the last proof I can give you of my love, and my attachment to the best of men. Preserve me, and barely preserve me, in your memory—and accept the warm wishes for your health, happiness and prosperity, of your departing, yet fond and tender wife, and faithful friend,

MARY O'HARA.

I would say, RANGER!

My dear DAVY,

I Count myself the unhappiest man breathing, that I must be ever the imparter of sad and distressful tidings to you. You sent me a present, in lady *O'Hara*, that engaged more of my affection than any one of her sex ever did. I joyed in the thought of your being united together—and, vainly, often said to myself, exulting, what a happy, what an accomplished pair I shall boast, in such a nephew and such a niece!—But it is all over, and—the partner of your soul is no more!—You have met, amidst all
your

your success in life, with so many ills, that I hope you are prepared to obey the directions in her dear epistle, which comes herewith, and which she put into my hands only two hours before her decease: As to my part, I am so overcome with this cruel stroke, that, if I had the talent, I have not the power to preach comfort to you—I want it too much myself—and begin to think that life a burthen—which, indeed, I have been too much a slave to: But, I hope, your reason, your principles, will enable you to bear up under such a scene of distress. The dear creature has, in her will, whereby she makes you her sole executor, and residuary legatee, and the heir to the greatest part of her fortune, requested and ordered her remains to be deposited in your family burying-place at *Cork*, I presume, with an endearing hope that your remains will rest there also: To-morrow we mournfully set out to fulfil that part of her desire, with all necessary funeral honours; and then I intend to finish all my worldly affairs, and to set out for *England*, to spend the remainder of my days near you; for I am too sick of life to make any further bustle in it. You have sufficient—I have nobody else to care for; and all I have is

your's.

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your's. I pray God to calm your griefs,
and am,

Dearest DAVY,

Your most affectionate,

but sorrowful kinsman,

THO. RANGER.

LET the youthful reader, full of the warm relish of life, full of gay and flattering expectations, put himself in the condition of poor *Ranger*; perhaps, he may then conceive a part of the grief that assailed him upon these dreadful tidings. It was his good fortune to have his friend, *M^r Kenzie*, at breakfast with him, in his chamber, when he broke the seals, otherwise his affliction might have had more desperate effects. A man who had felt so many ills himself, who had so much friendship for *Ranger*, was very well qualified to assuage some of the first emotions of his distraction. He had scarce set his eyes upon the first lines of his poor lady's letter, than, apprehension of what was to come put him into a cold sweat; the big round drops rolled from his forehead—he essayed to exclaim; but the trembling lips could utter nothing—his mouth filled, his eyes glared wildly on
M^r Kenzie,

M'Kenzie, who looked wistfully at him, with surprize and affright, and in a moment after he dropt down, in a swoon, at his feet. That good creature, tho' quite disconcerted at this sudden incident, ran to him, and used every art to bring him to himself, which, however, it was a considerable time before he could effect. And, when his senses returned, and he was laid upon the bed, his groans and his heart-rending sighs seemed every minute to betoken his breathing his last. Oh! *M'Kenzie*, he cried—my friend!—Oh! how dearly do I pay for my good fortune in life—it is to me only personal—I lose all those I set the greatest value upon—and am left in the world, as in a lonely wilderness!—Oh! *Molly*! my dear *Molly*! This is the greatest—the most heart-felt loss I ever experienced:—But heaven, I hope, in pity to a wretch, will soon call me the same dreary path, and ease me of the pains of this wretched being. Oh! (to *M'Kenzie*, who offered to interpose, tho' he did not yet know the source of his sorrow) do not, my friend, offer any consolation—I behold myself abandoned by heaven, cut off from all the felicities—the allowable, desirable felicities of life, and a being doomed to endless miseries! Oh! fairest, best, and dearest
of

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of the creation—to have formed such vast hopes!—to have indulged such fond ideas of bliss!—and—now—when I least expected it, to have my joys so dashed with bitterness.—Oh! what religion—what philosophy—what friendship can afford a remedy to my wounded soul!—Here a second and stronger fit succeeded, so that *M^r Kenzie* was obliged to ring for the servant, and send for lord *Bertram* and *Clarissa*, who came, full of disorder and fear, and were quite cast down at the dreadful spectacle. *M^r Kenzie* soon informed them that the letters, which lay scattered on the floor, were the cause of this melancholy scene, and *Clarissa* eagerly snatching them up, and seeing one of them was from lady *O Hara*, hastily ran it partly over, and as suddenly fell back in a chair, her eyes streaming with tears, and sending forth a doleful scream, cried—Oh! gracious heaven—my dear friend is dead!—no wonder poor *Ranger* is so affected!—lady *O Hara* is no more! The terror and surprize of the two gentlemen were nearly equal to her own; but all reflection upon this fatal accident was soon absorbed in the consideration of the sad situation of poor *Ranger*, who came to himself, so weakened and jaded, that it was thought proper to put him to bed, where a violent fever soon succeed-

succeeding, his friend began to be in the
 utmost apprehension for his life, tho' the
 most skilful physicians attended him, and
 used all their art in his favour. *Clarissa* and
Leonora, with tearful eyes, never left his
 bedside; *Bertram* and *Lothario* drooped
 with sorrow, and the faithful *M'Kenzie* felt
 more than can be expressed; whilst the doors
 were perpetually besieged with enquiries
 after his condition, and the whole town
 seemed overwhelmed with sorrow. For
 many days he was delirious, and incessant-
 ly raving of his loss—naming all the mis-
 hap of his life; and all in so tender, so
 affecting a language, that the standers by
 were frequently melted into tears. In short,
 there was no hopes from any thing, for a
 long time, but the strength of his constitu-
 tion and his youth, which at length began
 to get the upper hand of his distemper, to
 the great joy and satisfaction of all his
 friends, who were perpetually petitioning
 heaven in his favour. However, his mind
 remained in a very, very sad state; quite
 harrowed and distracted, and tho' his noble
 friends, and *M'Kenzie*, used all the most
 delicate methods to soothe and soften his
 sense of his misfortune, it was a long time
 before he was able to go abroad, or con-
 verse with any spirit or freedom; but sought

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out solitude, and moped about with an inattentiveness of face, that would have convinced any one that he was affected by some baleful frenzy. He lost his relish for the stage, and for every other business or amusement, and thus remained, till *Time*, with his all-powerful influence, began to obliterate the most striking traces of his *Molly*, and till, mixing in the diversions his friends provided for him, and forced him to partake of, in some measure restored him to his wonted spirits, and once more gave him to the longing wishes of the expecting, and almost despairing town. However, for years afterwards, he never mentioned that beloved name without changing pale, or thought of her, but with a very visible emotion of soul. As soon as he could bear to write, he ordered the following epitaph to be put upon a monument he desired his uncle to see erected to her memory; told him he rejoiced at his resolution of coming to *England*, and deferred all mention of other concerns till he should see him there.

TO

of DAVID RANGER. 267

TO THE MEMORY OF
DAME MARY OHARA:

BUT,
WHO, IN HAPPIER DAYS,
WAS
THE AMIABLE AND LOVELY
MISS MARY, M'CARTHY.
HER DEATH MADE FOR EVER UNHAPPY,
ONE OF THE TRUEST
AND MOST RESPECTFUL OF LOVERS;
WHO CAN NEVER CEASE
TO LAMENT HER LOSS.

OH lovely fair, these sorrowing lines should tell
How lov'd you liv'd, and how deplor'd you fell!
But, ah! all power of numbers is too faint,
Thy worth, thy virtue, or thy charms to paint;
Yet love, yet gratitude, attempts the strain,
And decks with mournful verse the sacred fane.

MARIA, whose dear name adorns this stone,
Gave peace to ev'ry breast, but lost her own:
Early th'inhuman parent's tyrant sway,
Chas'd ev'ry comfort from her far away;
Then curs'd with bitterness—Oh wretched life!
Th' unhappy maid, became a mourning wife:
Forc'd from those arms which reason made her own,
Her sorrows known to heaven and her alone;

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Calmly she suffer'd in life's blooming pride ;
 And gave to duty what her love deny'd.
 These torments past, and all her sorrows o'er,
 Advanc'd the wish'd for peace, the joyous hour,
 One fatal blow, so Providence ordain'd,
 In death's cold sleep, the lovely matron chain'd ;
 Reserving to itself the blest amends,
 That on such truth, such piety attends;
 We weep, yet murmur not at your decree,
 Tho' the sad lover's ling'ring misery ;
 Sends up incessant prayers to be remov'd,
 'To join the saint he valu'd so, and lov'd.

D. RANGER.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. Thomas Ranger arrives in England.— Meeting of him and his nephew.— Introduced by the latter to his noble friends.— Settlement of all his affairs.— More misfortunes.— Visit from Delanio and Maria — Ranger's sober and regular way of life.— Introduced into the friendship of lord Vitruvius.— Once more falls in love.— Which is forwarded by a particular circumstance.— Conclusion of these delectable adventures, with a word or two to the criticks, &c.

IN about two months from this melancholy period, Mr. *Ranger* received a letter of information from his uncle, that he proposed to embark for *England* in a few days, having settled all his affairs in *Ireland*, and put his nephew's into such a train, that he might easily manage them by his honest agent at *Tulla*. Upon this intelligence *Ranger* and *M^cKenzie* set out, in about six days afterwards, to wait for him at a seat of lord *Bertram's*, some miles beyond *Dunstable*, which his nephew, by letter, had desired him to take in his route to *London*. They here spent several days in rural sports and amusements, and the pursuit of the chase, or the destruction of the feathered

race, served to divert a mind, which was yet not recovered from the late shocks it had felt, from poring over the various ills it had experienced. These too well remembered regrets caused so violent commotions, often, that *M^r Kenzie*, with all his art, and all his friendship, could scarcely compose; and, indeed, frequently threw him into the same turn of indulging sorrow, and refreshed his memory with all the doleful scenes that he himself had been a melancholy witness to. On these occasions they became alternately the mourner and the comforter; nor could either claim much pre-eminence in misfortune, save that *Ranger's* ills were of a later date, and consequently acted upon his soul with greater fury. But then he was naturally of a livelier cast, and had a greater share of spirits than *M^r Kenzie*, who was of a serious temper, and wanted that necessary stock of alertness which Providence had so plentifully bestowed on his friend. This is certain, that few persons ever met with such a number of successive losses and disappointments, and, in reality, few persons ever combated them more with all the considerations and consolations of reason and philosophy. The similarity of their fortunes were also surprising: If *Ranger* mourned a father and mother, *M^r Kenzie* had also
 lost

lost his, tho' earlier in life; if the father of one had hurt himself by a second match, that of the other had reduced his finances by the itch of gaming. If *Ranger* wept his sister, his *Sophia*, his *McCarthy*; *McKenzie*, in the loss of his lovely wife and children, was more than equal with him, and for his worthy tutor *Birch*, could lament the generous and disinterested Mr. *Gulston*. But, in some respects, the ills of *McKenzie* were superior to any parallel with those of *Ranger*. The former had been within view, immediate possession, of a large fortune, of which the death of his father-in-law in one moment deprived him; afterwards defrauded by a villain, necessity drove him to the stage, and whilst *Ranger* had been enjoying his rambles, and succeeding in his theatric character, poor *McKenzie* had encountered with a great variety of personal misfortunes and distresses; had been reduced to nakedness, and the most dreadful dilemmas, to famine, and even to the point of laying violent hands upon himself, to free him from the miseries that surrounded him. However, with a generosity seldom known in sufferers, each seemed to feel the other's woe more than his own, each magnified the other's griefs, and each strove to pour the balm of comfort on the other's tortured

breast. Affinity, consanguinity, *all the charities of father, son and brother*, they were deprived of for ever; love drooped over them, and mourned the losses of the lovely fair ones that had inspired their breasts: No joy, no satisfaction, but that of friendship was left them, and that they partook of, perhaps, with as much sincerity as ever any pair of companions did, which produced one morning the following lines from *M'Kenzie*, who was certainly no poet, and consequently was truly inspired by it on this occasion.

1.

Mild friendship, with its purest ray,
 Illumes my mind, and warms my breast;
 Chases each care, each grief away,
 And gives the mournful suff'rer rest.

2.

Possess'd by thee, thou flame divine!
 To noblest acts, the soul aspires;
 To virtue's call we pleas'd incline,
 She makes us glow with all thy fires.

3.

Thou easest e'en the lovers pains,
 Who mourn the lost, or absent fair:
 With thee *Elyzium* constant reigns,
 And ev'ry bliss thy vot'ries share.

THE delights of the country were so very agreeable to them both, that they continued, without impatience to return to town, for some days after the time of Mr. *Ranger's* expected arrival; being, however, genteel enough to let his lordship know their situation, and that their visiter was not arrived, who, in answer, told them how pleased he was that they were pleased, and how sorry that business hindered him and his *Clarissa* from joining them in their delicious retreat. And a delightful retreat indeed it was; art and nature having, as it were, combin'd to make it agreeable, and as it was surrounded by a good sporting country, and the seats of several hospitable and sociable gentlemen, they began to cheer their hearts, and to stifle, if not totally to bury their disquietudes. At length old Mr. *Ranger* arrived, attended by two servants in livery, and alighted at the gate, just as the two friends were traversing the shady walk that led from it to the house; but were so earnest in discourse, as not to perceive their visiter, till the bell was rung, and the porter had let them thro' the gate; when *Ranger*, casting up his eyes, at once knew the person of the only relation he had in being, and who had long obliterated all disgust to him from his mind, and had on many late

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accounts a most tender share in his affection. For tho' he had formerly, as before related, shewed somewhat of a mean and sordid disposition; yet he had since been totally changed, and besides having been a faithful steward to his nephew, had assisted in the last moments, and superintended the obsequies of his dear father, and his lovely *M'Carthy*; came on purpose to *England* to enjoy his society, for the remainder of his days, and to make him his sole and universal heir of all his estate and effects, which were very considerable. No wonder then, if the meeting of these gentlemen was no common ceremony; but mingled with tears, and accompanied by the most strenuous embraces, Dear, dear nephew—my kind and good uncle, being repeated by one and the other, in the first transports of joy, and of sorrowful reflection, that the sight of each other occasioned. These first tumultuous endearments over, *Ranger* presented *M'Kenzie* to him, as his valued friend, and the participator of all his joys and sorrows, with whose story, as he was now not unacquainted, having had it from his late dear niece, as he called poor lady *O'Hara*, he received him with friendship and affection. They then ushered him into a superb apartment, and having given directions that proper care should

should be taken of the servants and the horses, a repast was brought in for the refreshment of the old gentleman, which over, they set down *tête à tête* to a friendly recapitulation of their several affairs, as the accidents of Mr. *Ranger's* journey, the opinion he had entertained of the country, which, now, for the first time, he had taken a survey of, and the melancholy death of the poor lady *O Hara*, a string which young Mr. *Ranger* could not help more particularly harping upon on this sight of his uncle. Oh! Sir, he cried, what a profusion of happiness had my imagination treasured up, in the society of that excellent creature!—Her charms would have contributed to obliterate all my former ills—on her dear bosom I should have rested all my cares, and all my sollicitudes. Like the poor shipwrecked mariner, who, struggling with the foaming billows, sees at a distance some verdant spot, towards which, whilst he sends his longing eyes, a mounting wave buries him at once in the dread abyss: So I, fondly flattering myself with the possession of this treasure, have been, by the cruel and relentless hand of death, deprived of all hope or comfort;

—Now,

—Now, alas!

I wander, wretchedly, from place to place ;
And like a shipwreck'd mariner, aghast,
On some curs'd, barren shelf, I seek in vain,
With wand'ring eyes, for help in my despair!

Your good sense, interrupted *M^cKenzie*, in some measure to alleviate the sorrow with which he pronounced these words, will inform you, your religion will convince you, that we are sent here for higher purposes than the bare gratifications of this world, and that we are crossed in our designs, confounded in our purposes, merely to prove to us how transitory a state is this mortal life, and to purge and prepare our souls for a more blissful situation, in which there will be no more crosses nor disappointments, no mourning, or shedding of tears, and where an oblivion of all our former ills will be one happy circumstance of our change. Wisely the heathens made the *Lethean* draught the first means of the happiness of their *Elysium*; since mental reflection, even upon past misfortunes, would imbitter all the joys of immortality. It is our duty, then, to press forward to this mark, where those we lament are only gone some short space before us ; and to attain the delightful prize of the *high calling of God in Christ*,

a sincere search after, and practice of our religious duties ; but, above all, the constant persistence in a course of virtue seem the only requisites. This can alone insure a disposition of soul fitted for bliss ; and tho' our notions of a local heaven and hell may be too far carried, yet it is reasonable to think, that one main difference between the sons of God, and the servants of sin, will be the calm result of a peaceable and quiet mind, or the dreadful roarings and tossings, the violent perturbations of souls foul with the stains of iniquity, encreased by a constant view of the bliss enjoyed by the *saints in glory*.—What worse can

——the damn'd endure,

Then, knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever ?

Fortified, as we both are, with sentiments like these, we can bear up against, and stem the torrent of the evils that have assailed us ; blessing God for the good we still enjoy, and submitting, humbly, to the strokes of affliction, it has pleased him, in his good providence, to lay upon us, for our chastisement, but not for our destruction. Why, replies *Ranger*, it is by such reflections as these, that I am able to live ; but still the man will be predominant at times, and a bitter-

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bitterness of grief break in upon the soul, which some constitutions, perhaps, would be unable to support.—But, come, you have recalled me to myself, my dear friend ; and, Sir, turning to his uncle, I will make you amends for giving you the pain I perceive I have, by attending solely to the gratification of your pleasure and curiosity. So saying, they finished their bottle, and then carried the old gentleman thro' all parts of the seat, and extensive gardens, on which he expressed much satisfaction, and the next morning all set out for *London*, where *Davy* carried him to take possession of a house he had bought and furnished for him, and where he now intended to reside himself, in the neighbourhood of lord *Bertram's* ; and, on the morning ensuing, presented him to that nobleman and his lady, *Leonora* and *Lothario*, and all his other friends, by whom he was received with a distinction that displayed the great value and esteem they had for his nephew. Some time after, when they became settled in their new abode, *Ranger* had the courage to survey the will of his dear *M^cCarthy*, wherein, save about 1000 pounds, she had left the whole of her fortune to him, with these remarkable expressions, “ For to whom can I with more justice bequeath what I possess, than to
“ the

“ the dear man, who, had God seen fit to
“ spare my life, in a very few weeks would
“ have been the undoubted master of me
“ and them, as he was before of my ten-
“ derest affections.” Such a testimony of
the regard of his lovely fair, once more re-
called all his sorrow, and, dissolved in tears,
he afresh lamented his sad, his cruel loss.
His uncle, then, accounted to him for all
the sums he had of his in his hands, as
well as the profits of the *Tulla* estate; and
then said, You see, nephew, you are now
sufficiently rich; but, besides I shall add to
your stock 20,000 *l.* which even now you
shall have the absolute disposal of. Ah!
Sir,—my dear uncle, *Ranger* made answer,
—half this dross, and the preservation of
our friends, would have made me happy:—
But now, Sir, as you have been constantly
used to business, an entire and total cessation
from it may, perhaps, not be agreeable to
you.—Therefore, after thus, embracing
him, thus sincerely paying you my dutiful
acknowledgments for all your pains and
cares used in my interest: Pray, Sir, take
again all these writings and concerns into
your possession, continue still to manage
both our fortunes, whilst I, for some time
longer, follow my present vocation, from
which I am able to add some thousands, al-
ready,

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ready, to our captial, that you are not yet aware of. After some struggle the uncle consented to continue his nephew's agent, and they began to live together (with *M^r Kenzie*, who they had insisted should have an apartment in their house) with great cordiality and harmony, daily visiting, and being visited by all their noble acquaintance, and their house became the resort of the learned and the polite, and young *Ranger* the *Mæcenas* of the *Literati*. He seemed now to have recovered from his deploring condition entirely, and to enjoy the social blessings of life, with his uncle, his *M^r Kenzie*, and *Bertram*; but about this time his noble friends also received a very great blow, in several successive losses of their honoured parents and relatives. The earl of —, lord *Bertram*'s father, after all his doubling and winding in the mysteries of state, was overcome by that potent adversary Death, who, for a long time, he had combated by all the arts of physic. He died in full possession of his power, as a minister, tho' some of his enemies whispered after his decease, that

*His conscience was a worm within
That gnaw'd him night and day.*

For let a man be ever so elevated, he must
undergo

undergo the censure of the world, and after death his real countenance will be unveiled. His remove was soon followed by that of the good lord and lady —, the father and mother of *Clarissa* and *Leonora*, after having long enjoyed all possible earthly felicity, in the happiness, the delightful situation of their children; and about the same time the kind and humane Sir *James* —, their uncle, also surrendered up his breath to him that inspired it. Notwithstanding the honours, and the immense riches that hence flowed in upon lord *Bertram*, he, with his *Clarissa*, and *Leonora*, and *Lothario*, were overwhelmed with sorrow, and now demanded consolation from all the endeavours of their friends. *Ranger* and *M^r Kenzie* were so assiduous in this melancholy exigency, that they seldom departed from them, and once more this amiable society wore the outward semblance, and felt the inward force of the most bitter, and most cruel sorrow. *Ranger* and *M^r Kenzie* were, on this occasion, sincere mourners, not only on their friends, but on their own account; for the noble persons departed, had so seconded the attachment of their children for this brace of friends, that, they not only did all in their power to oblige them, but also grew perfectly enamoured of their

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their good qualities and virtues, and each left them considerable legacies, as tokens of their regard, at their deaths. Their several obsequies were performed with the usual pomp and ceremony, and they were laid at peace with their ancestors, as the book of the peerage of the nobles of *Britain* has so elaborately, and with such precision, set forth; but it was many months before their worthy offspring could overcome the shock their deaths occasioned; which however met with some considerable alleviation in a visit they soon after received from *Delanio* and his *Maria*, who were resolved, once at least, they said, to see their benefactors, as they had long wished, in vain, for their arrival at their country villa. My readers will not at all doubt that this interview was very agreeable to *Leonora*, *Lotbario* and *Ranger*, who caressed the faithful pair without measure, and presented them to the rest of their circle, by whom they were received with a cordiality that their merits inspired. *Delanio* had overcome his romantic disposition, and spoke and acted like an inhabitant of the world; but still could scarce ever bear his *Maria* from his sight, and, with some pain, endured the round of polite visits she was drawn to by his friends. After they had spent a considerable time in
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their enjoyment of the pleasures, if they may be called so, that *London* yields, it was, in general, agreed by the whole society, that they should conduct them back to their retirement, which accordingly they did, and, in conclusion, visited the old baronet, *Lothario's* father, and several of those delightful seats and fine estates of which *Bertram*, now earl of —, was become possessed, and where they partook of all those calm and untainted blessings that rural life communicates to those minds that have a relish for innocence and peace. In three months time they returned again to *London*, to fill up their stations in busy life, where *Ranger* shone with still increased lustre. The large fortune he now found himself sure of the possession and reversion of, not at all elated or puffed up his mind; he was still the obliging, the affable, the generous *Davy*. Depressed honesty, and needy wit found a ready relief from his tender heart, and his open bestowing hand: To hear of misfortune was an immediate motive of redressing it, as far as his power and abilities extended, and he was, in private life, all the great and amiable characters he so well personated upon the stage. Meantime his oeconomy and prudence went hand in hand with his generosity. His frugality and temperance

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perance was an example to all the sons of fortune, and his vacant hours were past in such converse, and such amusements, as are a credit and a profit to humanity. No wonder if, thus behaving, he continued to be the idol, not only of the particular circle of his friends, but of all the world, and that his friendship and acquaintance was sought after by all ranks of people. Amongst the rest, the great *Vitruvius* became enamoured of his virtues, and soon contracted such a fondness for his conversation, that he engrossed him from all other society. This nobleman was immensely rich, and enjoyed many of the greatest posts under the government, and his lady was the daughter of one of the wisest and greatest peers, that ever, in this country, was dignified with a title, and reflected the greatest honour and lustre upon his descendants. This illustrious woman, partaking of her lord's inclination for *Ranger*, and having, from *Clarissa* and *Leonora*, heard the story of his hard hap in the affairs of love, contrived to place a lure in his way, which, she hoped, would obliterate from his mind all his misfortunes. —No gratification can yield more joy to females, than that of bringing together and coupling their friends, after themselves have entered the marriage state, and it has puzzled

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ed the sage metaphysical enquirers into the motives of human actions and passions, whether this inclination to match-making arises from good or bad motives; whether, charmed with their happy situation, they benevolently are stimulated to make their friends as happy; or, uneasy under it, are willing to have companions in misfortune.—Her ladyship had, in her retinue, a most enchanting agreeable female, whom we shall call Miss *Tulip*; who, not only possessed all the charms of a fine person and behaviour, but a soul of the very noblest cast, and a mind adorned with every amiable grace. She became enamoured of our hero, after a very short intercourse of civilities, and a conviction, that he was one of the most generous and most accomplished of his sex. A particular circumstance first engaged *Ranger's* regards and attachment to this beauty. She had all the sweetness and softness of his *Sophia*, and her features wore in them so much of his *McCarthy*, that, from mournfully sighing over the resemblance, he at length began to desire the possession of the lovely fair one; and gratitude to his former loves contributed, with admiration of the present object, to make an entire conquest of his affection in her favour; and the usual measure of time allowed to courtship expired,

expired, no doubt can be made that the holy tye will unite for ever this delightful pair.

AND here, gentle reader, notwithstanding thy overweening curiosity may be disappointed, in not being permitted to partake of such a blessed conclusion of these adventures, thou must suspend thy expectations for the present; for, further this biographer sayeth not. He has, agreeable to the maxims of writers of this class, extricated his hero from all his difficulties and distresses, brought him within view of his final consolation in this world, and leaves him surrounded by his uncle and friends, *Bertram*, *Clarissa*, *Leonora*, *Lotbario* and *M. Kenzie*, who, at this present writing, are all well and happy; and, that they may long continue so, is his sincere and fervent prayer.

AND now, ye tremendous criticks, with whom our times are so replete, nothing remains, but to say a word or two to your worships, before I lay down my pen, and recur to my former obscurity. To exercise your talents, you will find in these memoirs abundance of *Anachronism*, and *Parachronism* too: And, as I have written in a gay, disengaged manner, you will also find abundant matter to object against my stile and language

language in many instances. Some notions here and there advanced, are new-fangled ones, which will employ a great deal of your skill to refute; and many quotations are made, with the loose and careless air of a gentleman, tho' not with the precision that your grave censorships, perhaps, will insist upon as necessary. That I might leave free scope for your humour to vent itself, you will, here and there, also find some *polite Latin*, and also some *Greek phrases Anglicised*, all which, tho' I do not at all fear it, will pass the censure of your awful and damning tribunal. But this I am sensible of, that, if that *aggregate*, the town, should approve these my labours, all your nibbling will as little prejudice me, as the efforts of the viper could smoothe the file by licking it.

AND, oh! ye *Parody mongers*, ye *Parallelizers*, and ye dealers in secret history and scandal, a word also with you;

If you these pages chance to take in hand,
Speak of them as they are, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice!—

The author is conscious of no malevolence, or design to detract from the good name of any one; and therefore, if ye should think he aims at retailing the adventures of
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any applauded person now in being, dwell ye in the parallel, upon the amiable parts of *Ranger's* conduct, and leave his slips and miscarriages out of the question; so shall ye find much to admire, and more to imitate, in the course of your reading. But, above all, look at home, and reflect whether you yourselves have past your juvenile days, without affording matter of sufficient censure upon your conduct; and, if ye can exculpate yourselves, *fling the first dart* of bitter reproach. Let it be remembered also, that very high mysteries may be couched under the character of a player, which guise I have made my hero assume; and that, the circumstance of his being displayed in a drammatical capacity, cannot at all strengthen your parallel, with regard to any particular *wight* of your acquaintance; for,

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem!

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Vol. I. p. 173. l. 25. for *Sir Julius*, r. *Sir Justus*.
Vol. II. p. 66. l. 16. after *Bristol*, add, *thro' which*, after
having crossed so many counties, they directed their route.

